FEBRUARY, 1957

THE

GENT

K

AN APPROACH TO RELAXATION

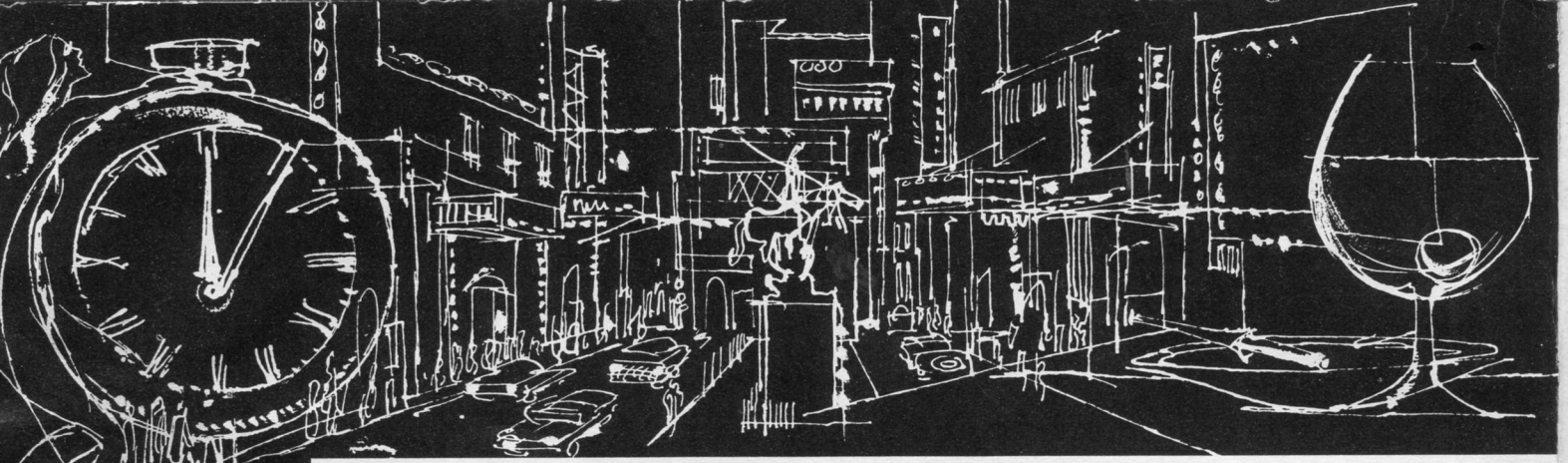
IRWIN SHAW

THEODORE PRATT

ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Fifty Cents



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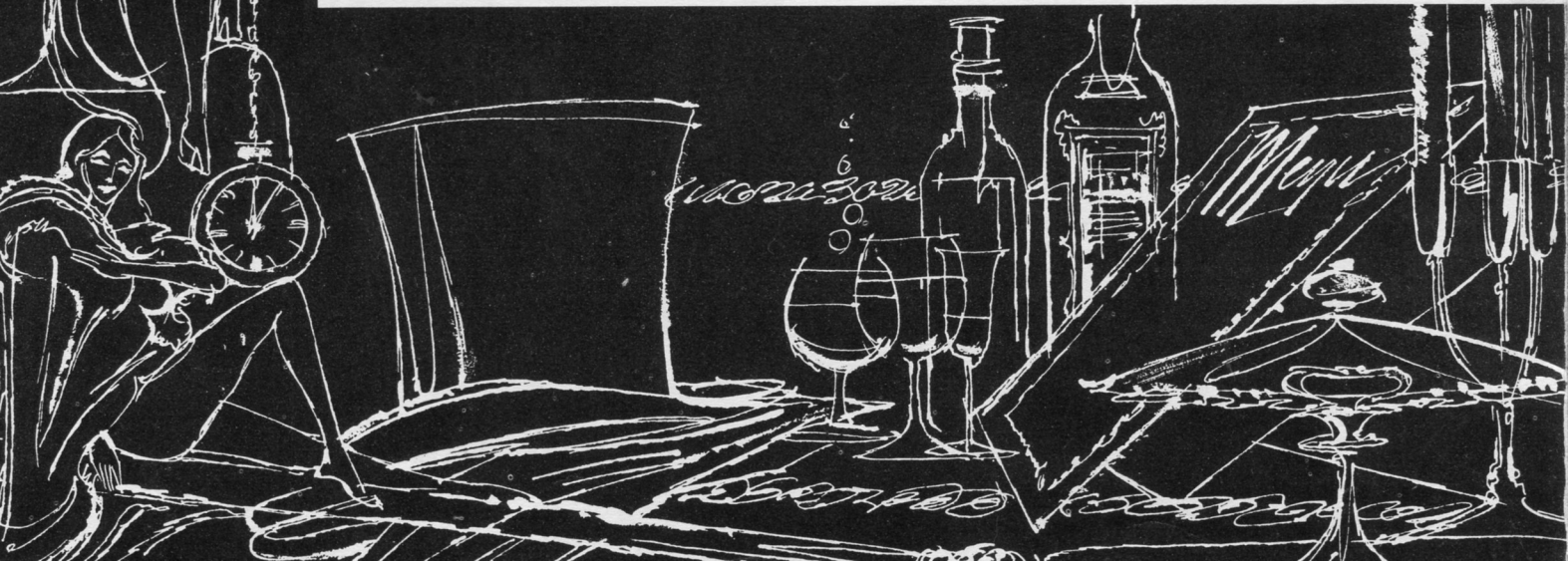

2	SENSUALITY	*pictorial essay*	
6	TAKE THE WITNESS!	*satire*	Robert Benchley
8	SARAH GETS RELIGION	*fiction*	Jack Q. Lynn
12	SWEDEN'S STUDENT PRINCESS	*pictorial essay*	
14	NO PLACE LIKE SABA!	*travel*	Barry Norris (with Hoyt McAfee)
16	CONCH BOY	*fiction*	Theodore Pratt
20	JUNGLE GODDESS	*pictorial essay*	
24	TARZAN GOES APE	*satire*	Charles E. Fritch
26	THE HOER	*fiction*	Bob Bristow
29	HAPPY VALENTINE	*pictorial essay*	
37	LIFE IN A TURKEY HAREM	*article*	Allen Rankin
39	LOVE A LA SURREALIST	*pictorial essay*	
42	IT HAPPENED IN ROCHESTER	*fiction*	Irwin Shaw
46	THE FOURTH MOST LOVELY GIRL IN THE WORLD	*pictorial essay*	
49	NEW YORK'S NEW WOMAN	*satire*	Robert Lowry
52	THE HUNGRY ONE	*fiction*	Harlan Ellison
58	THE LADY BEHIND THE BAR	*pictorial essay*	

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sensuality

PHOTOGRAPHY/GORDO ROSSI

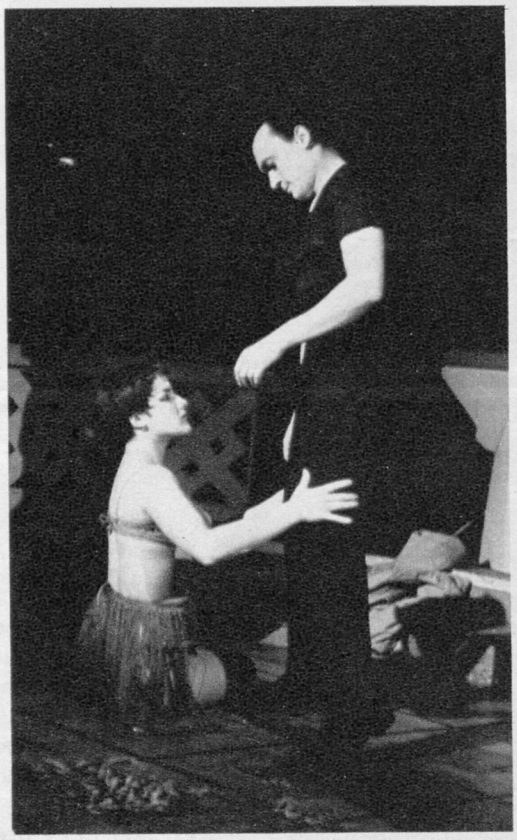
Captured in the emotion of dancers, the oldest of emotions between man and woman

A man may meet a thousand women, conquer a hundred, and love ten, and still not know the meaning of sensuality—that deepest of all stirrings of the human blood. For true unalloyed sensuality is a rare and precious thing in our age. It is as different from love as it is from the routine passions of everyday.

Something passes between the eyes of a man and woman as they meet—a glance, a quick flash of desire. It is a spark. It is the beginning. Now it must be kindled.

For centuries the dance has been the perfect embodiment, the symbolic realization of sensuality. At once graceful and vibrant, animal and ethereal, it is the essence of the eternal ritual of desire and conquest.

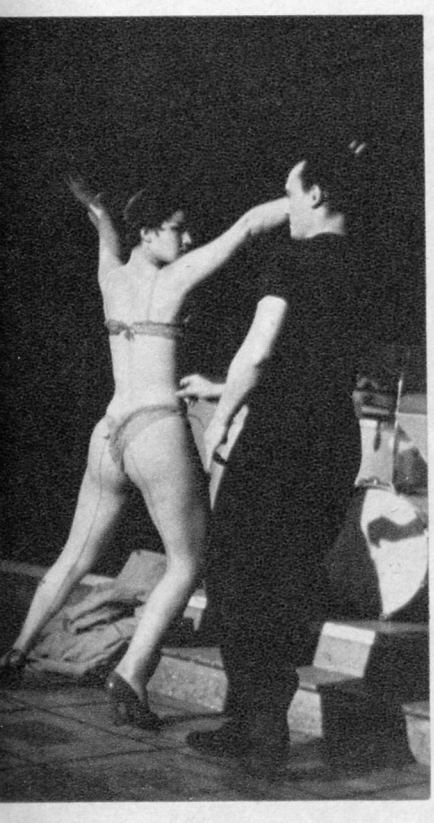
Here, caught by the camera, is the beginning of sensuality—and its fulfillment.

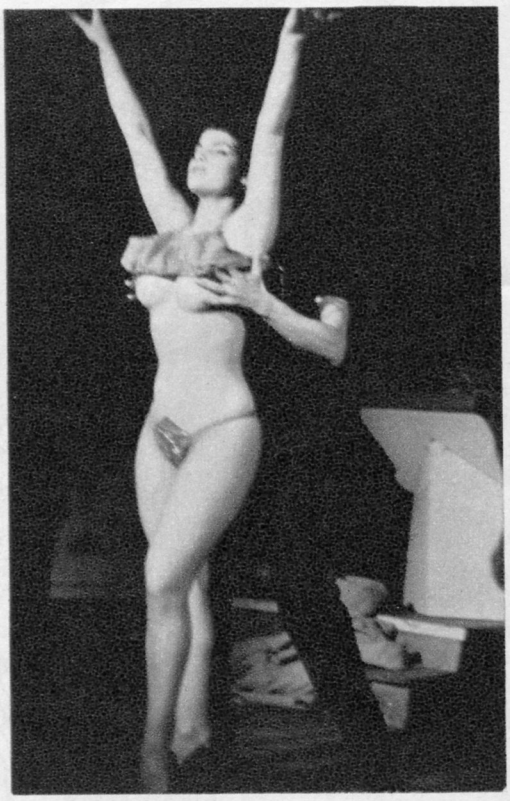


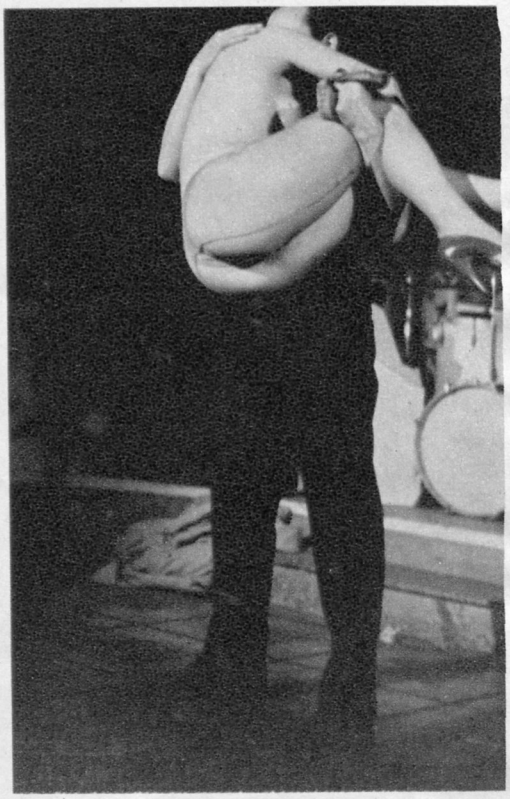
Faster and faster their bodies whirl together, caught up inescapably in the pulsating rhythms of music and sensuality. The dancers draw together, then apart; the fever flushes their faces, their legs, their every muscle; man and woman strain against each other, seeking to capture the nectar of passion which each promises the other. . .

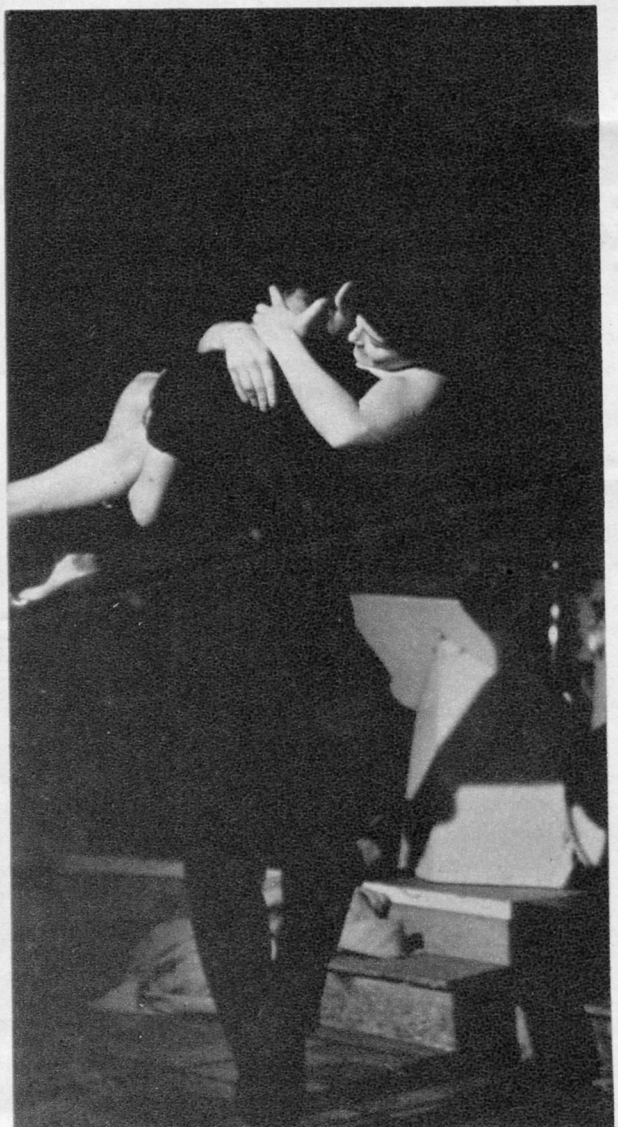
This is how men and women danced millenia ago, in clearings in the savage forest, around the crackling campfires, in the darkness of their huts and shelters; when the life of the senses was mankind's only reality.

Today, after thousands of years of civilization, most men and women have forgotten how to respond to their inner stirrings in the dance. The sound of the music and the pounding of the drum no longer hold their magic. In only a few is the ancient tradition still preserved in living form. The dancers are among them—their arms and bodies still spelling out the oldest of human wants, the rarest and most precious of man's endowments: sensuality.









take the witness!

A gentle discourse on the art of being uncooperative — as seen by one of America's all-time masterwits

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY TALLARICO

satire

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Newspaper accounts of trial cross-examinations always bring out the cleverest in me. They induce day dreams in which I am the witness on the stand, and if you don't know some of my imaginary comebacks to an imaginary cross-examiner (Doe vs. Benchley: 482-U.S.-367-398), you have missed some of the most stimulating reading in the history of American jurisprudence.

These little reveries usually take place shortly after I have read the transcript of a trial, while I am on a long taxi ride or seated at a desk with plenty of other work to do. I like them best when I have work to do, as they deplete me mentally so that I am forced to go and lie down after a particularly sharp verbal rally. The knowledge that I have completely floored my adversary, and the imaginary congratulations of my friends (also imaginary), seem more worth while than any amount of fiddling work done.

During these cross-questionings I am always very calm. Calm in a nice way, that is—never cocky. However frantic my inquisitor may wax (and you should see his face at times—it's purple), I just sit there, burning him up with each answer, winning the admiration of the courtroom, and, at times, even a smile from the judge himself. At the end of my examination the judge is crazy about me.

Just what the trial is about, I never get quite clear in my mind. Sometimes the subject changes in the middle of the questioning, to allow for the insertion of an especially good crack on my part. I don't think that I am ever actually the defendant, although I don't know why I should feel that I am immune from trial by a jury of my peers—if such exist.

I am usually testifying in behalf of a friend, or perhaps as just an impersonal witness for someone whom I do not know, who, naturally, later becomes my friend for life. It is Justice that I am after—Justice and a few well-spotted laughs.

Let us whip right into the middle of my cross-examination, as I naturally wouldn't want to pull my stuff until I had been insulted by the lawyer, and you can't really get insulted simply by having your name and address asked. I am absolutely fair about these things. If the lawyer will treat me right, I'll treat him right. He has got to start it. For a decent cross-examiner, there is no more tractable witness in the world than I am.

Advancing toward me, with a sneer on his face, he points a finger at me. (I have sometimes thought of pointing my finger back at him, but have discarded that as being too fresh. I don't have to resort to clowning.)

Q—You think you're pretty funny, don't you? (*I have evidently just made some mildly humorous comeback, nothing smart-alecky, but good enough to make him look silly.*)

A—I have never given the matter much thought.

Q—Oh, you haven't given the matter much thought, eh? Well, you seem to be treating this examination as if it were a minstrel show.

A—(*very quietly and nicely*)—I have merely been taking my cue from your questions. (*You will notice that all this presupposes quite a barrage of silly questions on his part, and pat answers on mine, omitted here because I haven't thought them up. At any rate, it is evident that I have already got him on the run before this reverie begins.*)

Q—Perhaps you would rather that I conducted this inquiry in baby talk?

A—If it will make it any easier for you. (*Pandemonium, which the Court feels that it has to quell, although enjoying it obviously as much as the spectators.*)

Q—(*furious*)—I see. Well, here is a question that I think will be simple enough to elicit an honest answer: Just how did you happen to know that it was eleven-fifteen when you saw the defendant?

A—Because I looked at my watch.

Q—And just why did you look at your watch at this particular time?

A—To see what time it was.

Q—Are you accustomed to looking at your watch often?

A—That is one of the uses to which I often put my watch.

Q—I see. Now, it couldn't by any chance, have been ten-fifteen instead of eleven-fifteen when you looked at your watch this time, could it?

A—Yes, sir. It could.

Q—Oh, it *could* have been ten-fifteen?

A—Yes, sir—if I had been in Chicago. (*Not very good, really. I'll work up something better. I move to have that answer stricken from the record.*)

When I feel myself lowering my standards by answering like that, I usually give myself a rest, and, unless something else awfully good pops into my head, I adjourn the court until next day. I can always convene it again when I hit my stride.

If possible, however, I like to drag it out until I have really given my antagonist a big final wallop which practically curls him up on the floor (I may think of one before this goes to press), and, wiping his forehead, he mutters, "Take the witness!"

As I step down from the stand, fresh as a daisy, there is a round of applause which the Court makes no attempt to silence. In fact, I have known certain judges to wink pleasantly at me as I take my seat. Judges are only human, after all.

My only fear is that, if I ever really am called upon to testify in court, I won't be asked the right questions. That *would* be a pretty kettle of fish!

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BRANDWEIN

fiction / JACK Q. LYNN

The new preacher had a certain air about him—

and Luke's wife needed to atone for her sinning

SARAH GETS RELIGION

He smiled admiringly at her lush young beauty as his eyes went over her. She stood before him, naked, taking a sky-blue ribbon out of her flowing black hair. Her skin was a honey-colored brown; her breasts stood out sharply, high and ripe and tip-tilted; and she had a supple belly with smooth lines curving into the dark triangle of her womanhood.

Looking at him, she flirted with a possessive assurance. Her eyes were bold and a tiny smile curved her generous mouth. "You want somethun, Luke?"

He stood up and sucked in a deep breath. "Now, Sarah, you know I had a powerful hard day out there in the sun. . ."

"Then don't be lookin' at me like you was. Git on outside." She cupped her breasts with her hands and examined them critically.

Luke stood a moment, staring at her, before he picked up his jug and went barefoot out the front door of the three-room shack. He didn't bother to close the door behind him. Outside, he sat down slowly on the top step of the listing front porch and put his back against a post that supported the tilting roof.

How comes Sarah was all the time sluttin'? he wondered. He turned the question over in his mind, but there didn't seem to be any logical answer, and he gave up trying to find one and let his thoughts shift to the quiet night. It was all around him, tepid and friendly. The darkness had swept down off the mountains about an hour before; it had come with a familiar suddeness that might have frightened a stranger, and now it enveloped the foothills with a closeness that was comforting to him.

He sat on the porch step, sipping corn liquor and listening to the sounds: the gentle rustling as a light wind touched the trees, a dog barking somewhere in the distance, his wife's soft voice as she hummed a tune.

His thoughts were interrupted by headlights appearing in the distance. He drank from his jug and watched the lights as they bounced down the dirt road under the roof of thick, overhanging trees toward him. The road curved in front of his shack, but the headlights did not. They flashed across him. Then an old Model A Ford stopped in front of him, and he watched a long shadow get out of the Ford.

"Evenin', Brother," the shadow said.

Luke sat very quiet, peering intently through the darkness. He had not recognized the voice. "Evenin'."

(*turn over*)

The shadow moved forward until he could see the man's face in the light coming from the open door of the shack. It was a young, incredibly handsome face, with eyes narrowed slightly against the light and a thin-lipped mouth curved in a tiny smile.

"I'm the new preacher," the man said.

Luke flinched with surprise. "Well, set."

"Now, I thank you, Brother," the preacher said, folding his long body on the bottom step of the porch. He sat a moment, bent over his sharp knees, and then his eyes locked on the jug in Luke's hand.

Luke took a breath and swallowed. "You a drinkin' man, Reverend?"

"Well, now, I've been known to have a smell."

"Have a snort."

The preacher took the jug, tipped it against his mouth and gulped several times.

Luke smiled admiringly at him. "My, you shore *are* a drinkin' man, Reverend."

"The Lord takes care of my soul, Brother. I got to look out for my belly," the preacher said, hefting the jug. "Yes, sir, that's mighty fine likker."

"Folks around here drink it," Luke admitted.

The preacher had another drink. "You folks been a long time without a man of the cloth."

"Six weeks, maybe. I heerd Sam Brown was a good man, though."

"And I heerd you might not even know Sam Brown . . . the Lord rest his soul . . . had passed," the preacher said slyly.

"Well, now," Luke said, reaching for his jug, "truth is, Reverend, I never been able to get much worked up over preachin'."

"Hmm. Yes. Well, they tell me you is a hard man to get worked up . . . over anything. Brother Jed, down at the general store, said . . ."

"Gawd . . . that Jed Hoskins!" Luke snorted. "Now, there is a real sinnin' man, Reverend. It's a fact, no Lord is gonna tote him round long. Why, you should see him round my Sarah. He's just like a . . ."

"Yes. I heerd you got a mighty fine figure of a woman," the preacher interrupted, bobbing his head slowly.

"Mighty fine," Luke admitted quickly. "But the likes of Jed Hoskins is gonna ruin her. Reverend, I'm tellin' you that man is pizen to a woman's flesh!"

The preacher picked up a dry clod of dirt at his feet and crumbled it in his fingers. "Like a copperhead's bite?"

"Worsen. Why, you should see what he does to my Sarah. Allus passin' his hands over her like she's some piece o' goods right out of his store. And once . . . mind this, Reverend . . . once, I even caught him rubbin' up against her backside like a hound dog scratchin' hisself on a fence post. Now, I tell you if I hadn't been so tuckered that day I'd been of a mind to stomp that Jed Hoskins. That's right, Reverend, stomp him!"

They sat for a while then without saying anything. The preacher stared out toward the road. Luke took a long drink from the jug. Finally the preacher said, "Where is your woman, Brother?"

"Inside. Washin' herself."

"You mean with soap and water?"

Luke nodded.

"Hmm. Maybe she's washin' away her sins."

"Sarah ain't no sinner, Reverend. She's been felt a mite, but she ain't no sinner."

"Folks is sayin' she's filled with a strange and powerful devil."

"Gawd, Reverend, it ain't so!"

"Folks is sayin' she didn't rightfully cotton to Sam Brown."

"Folks is talkin' too much," Luke said sourly.

The preacher wagged his head. "You know, I got a mighty powerful feelin' about your woman, Brother. Yes, I got a feelin' she needs religion. And I aims to give it to her! Do you hear, Brother? I aims to . . ."

"Ain't no use shoutin', Reverend. I heerd you."

The preacher jumped to his feet.

Luke sat, frowning, looking up at him as he went up the steps in two strides. "Where you goin', Reverend?"

The preacher went into the shack without answering. Then he took another long drink from the jug and pushed slowly to his feet.

Sarah was standing naked in a tin washtub when Luke walked into the kitchen. She had been soaping her body with her hand, but now she stood quite still, a film of white suds covering her honey-colored skin, her hands flat on her full thighs, her eyes hanging on the preacher who stood just inside the kitchen.

There was a long, motionless moment while Luke took in the scene, and then he thought: *The preacher! Gawd . . . Sarah shouldn't be standin nekkid in front of the preacher!*

"Sarah, get your dress on," he said. "This here's the new preacher come a-callin'."

"Well, howdy, Reverend," Sarah said in a soft husky voice.

"E-evenin'."

Luke looked quickly at the preacher. "Sarah," he said, "you're frettin' the Reverend."

"No, no," the preacher said jerkily. "Man, woman, child . . . to a man of the cloth, all is the same. I see no difference."

"Don't you?" Sarah said, stepping out of the tub. She looked at him from half-closed eyes, and there was a tiny smile somewhere behind her mouth.

Luke scratched himself. "Now, you stop that sluttin', Sarah! This here's the Reverend."

"I ain't sluttin', Luke," she said, her eyes staying on the preacher. "I'm just being neighborly."

"Git!"

Sarah stood a moment, shifting her weight from one foot to the other and smiling at the preacher. Then she walked slowly into the bedroom. She didn't bother to close the door. Luke watched her lift a dress over her head. She came back into the kitchen, smoothing the dress around her hips. Pulling a chair away from the wooden table, she looked at the preacher. "Set," she said.

They sat at the table then, Sarah with her leg pressed against the preacher's. Luke remained apart from them. If Sarah was going to get religion he was going to watch. Sarah and the preacher talked in low tones. What were they talking about? Luke puzzled over it. The jug passed around several times. And Luke settled back in his chair then to let the gentle warmth of the corn liquor

"Your cleaning woman left her broom in our bed—send a doctor, my wife fainted!"

rise in him unmolested. His insides seemed to melt. It was a good feeling. He smiled foolishly at his wife then, after a long while, realized the preacher was talking to him.

"It's a fact, Brother," he was saying. "Your woman has got to have religion."

"You the preacher," Luke said, feeling warmly mellow. "You give it to her."

"Hmm. Yes." The preacher drummed his fingers on the table. "Well, now, maybe you ain't gonna rightly cotton to . . . what I mean is . . . well, Brother, it's a fact a woman just naturally feels religion the most in bed."

Luke blotted out several seconds turning this over in his mind before he grinned foolishly and sat up. "Now, I just didn't know that, Reverend. I allus figured there was just one thing a woman felt in bed. You take my Sarah, here . . ."

"I got a feelin' about Sarah," the preacher interrupted quickly. "I got a real deep feelin' she'll take to religion like a hound dog to a bitch."

Luke shook his head and reached for the jug. Then he looked at Sarah. "What you thinkin,' woman? You feel like gettin' all religioned up tonight?"

"Well, now, I don't rightly know," she said with a lazy smile. "I just ain't real sure what all this religion is."

Luke bobbed his head. "Reverend, just how long does it take a woman to get religion?"

"Most all night."

(*turn to page* 60)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JURGEN JACOBSEN

Strictly honor-roll material, this—a pert, saucy-eyed young thing named Elisabeth Falk. Barely out of high school, this 18-year old Swedish lass is, to our way of thinking, the freshest thing to come out of Scandinavia in a long long time. Talent scouts have already snapped her up and her first movie, *Home to Margit*, promises to be heading America-wards soon.

SWEDEN'S STUDENT PRINCESS

travel

BARRY NORRIS (WITH HOYT McAFEE)

No island in the Western Hemisphere welcomes footloose, unattached men more warmly than Saba, a colorful Dutch possession in the West Indies. And the fascinating reason for that: on Saba, the women (of English and Dutch mixture) outnumber the eligible men by two to one. Not only that, but most of the damsels are hip to the delights of sex—they're love-hungry and raring to go.

Their island, about halfway between Puerto Rico and Guadeloupe, boasts a rugged, hideaway kind of scenic charm. Fortunately, it has never been discovered—let alone swamped—by tourist hordes. Hence the small numbers of males who venture there are sought after, looked up to, and fought over by the "I'm-in-the-mood-for-some-loving" Saba belles!

At this point I can hear a shout from those males weary of humdrum routines, soaring taxes, nagging girl friends, and their current mistresses. A shout which demands: How in the hell do we get to Saba?

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY KEANE

NO PLACE LIKE SABA!

Here's a forgotten island in the Caribbean that ought to be on every roue's itinerary

A few seamen make it to Saba's rocky, volcanic shores from freighters and tramp steamers which drop anchor near the island. They travel the remaining distance in small rowboats. Guys who've heard about Saba's lonely, loving gals and young businessmen with adventurous urges journey there via the weekly schooner which sails from St. Kitts.

That was how a seaman-buddy and I went there. En route for that destination, we heard a stimulating refrain, to wit: "The Saba dolls are hot, man. They'll chase *you*—if necessary!" My buddy and I, with fun and frolic on our minds, were eager to be chased. In fact, we wanted the girls to understand that they could catch us with great ease.

When we first sighted the island of Saba, we were struck by its wild picturesqueness. We learned that it has no harbor. Surf boats and rowboats go bounding in among the rocky barriers, then land on a stretch of soil at Fort Bay. At that point visitors, exhilarated by the excursion, touch down upon Saba itself.

What intrigues them most, however, is the "upward view." Glancing up, they espy a flock of Saba's cuties standing on a rocky hillside—standing there grinning as the wind whips their dresses up enticingly. Some sight! Just the right kind of welcome to Saba.

Four of us—my buddy, myself, and a pair of young business agents from Puerto Rico—were to go ashore on Saba. All of us were rubbing our hands in anticipation of meeting the hilltop tempters. A little later, at the summit of the promontory, we found the welcoming committee—consisting mostly of younger women—friendly, smiling, and brimming with hospitality.

They came over and introduced themselves to us—evidently in conformity with Saban custom. My buddy lost no time in latching on to a rangy, dimple-cheeked, dreamy-eyed Dutch girl. Before taking off, he and she assured me they'd meet me at the social center in Bottom (Saba's main village) that night. A dance would be held there then, I was told.

In the meantime, I kept chatting with chubby, shy, skinny, bold, clumsily-dressed, and several real sexy-looking numbers. Most of them, I noticed, spoke in clipped English accents. A petite young brunette—in bangs, a revealing blouse, and short skirt—moved in and gave me the most attention. She and I wound up by touring Saba's five square miles in her family's jeep.

We passed through a dead crater, rode up a high, winding, concrete road; and from a tiptop vantage point we observed scattered little communities in the valleys—as well as sturdy houses clinging to their mountaintop perches. Therese, my English girl friend and escort, remarked that island dwellers live mainly off the yield of their vegetable gardens and the sea.

She pointed to the cedars, spruce, and cypress trees which the menfolk use in building a boat. They finish it on a mountaintop location; then maneuver it down the slopes and over cliffs by means of sturdy ropes. A hardy, adventurous lot, Saba men. But the more restless, get-up-and-go ones soon tire of the island's tranquil tempo; and they go away in search of better money-making opportunities.

Most of them round up well-paying jobs in the oil refineries on the Dutch islands of Curacao and Aruba—also in the West Indies. As Therese explained to me, the

(*turn to page* 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY SALLY BERWICK

fiction / THEODORE PRATT

Wiccy had to find out what the squirming flesh of the animal did to make a man a man

CONCH BOY

The spiny lobsters milled about in the live well of the boat as if they knew, and protested, that they were headed for the kitchen of the hotel in Key West. Wiccy sat by the well, resting from long diving for the big crawfish. His small chest heaved. He was completely naked because he and Knowles, the fisherman he worked for, had forgotten to bring along their swimming trunks today.

He saw Knowles' head and shoulders emerge from the pale green water. One hand, uplifted, held something that glittered sharply in the beat of the strong sun. It was a conch shell, and now Knowles swam to the boat with it.

Climbing in over the low stern, as naked as the boy, Knowles put the heavy shell on the battered engine housing, where it dripped water over the fish scales stuck to the wood. It was nearly a foot long, with soft brown sea moss growing on its spirals up to the edge of the great opening with its broad pearly-pink lip leading to deep magenta within.

"For true," Knowles announced, "this 'ere is a thing for what my tongue 'as been waiting too long."

"Conch," said Wiccy, bringing it out as "conk," the way it was pronounced, "is the best-eating thing there is."

At twelve, Wiccy knew this for a fact. Because he ate the creature that lived inside this shell, he was called a Conch. All his people had the name applied to them ever since, Cockneys, they came from England to the Bahamas. When some of them migrated to the Florida Keys the name stuck along with their accent.

"That there water's clear-clear as air when the wind walks right," Knowles said. "It's a good day we picked to come 'ere."

They both looked at the water, crystal beneath the surface, and then at the lagoon, set into the shore of the small key and surrounded by mangroves growing in an interlaced tangle of roots. As man and boy gazed together each was like a replica of the other on a different scale. Their skin was so dried and darkened by the sun that it had wrinkles on it. Their ears alone defied the harsh

(*turn over*)

tanning, and were blazing red. Their fair hair was so bleached that it seemed nearly white.

Knowles' round bluish-green eyes turned their attention back to the conch shell. He spoke now automatically, almost absently, reciting a familiar saying. "Eating conch makes a man feel like a man."

At Knowles' observation, Wiccy's face flushed a deeper brown. He looked away, shamed. He knew what eating conch was supposed to do to a person. He had heard men and other boys joking about it. It was said to make a man's body prepare itself in a certain way.

A stranger to the Keys, a doctor, once said this was not possible, that there was, contrary to popular belief as he called it, no such thing as a true aphrodisiac, a word Wiccy searched long for and found with great difficulty in the dictionary and learned meant "sex stimulant." The stranger said the only things like that were dangerous irritants, such as Spanish fly, though various people thought different foods, like oysters, made a man virile, only it wasn't true, as it wasn't true about eating conch.

Wiccy didn't comprehend all this. He had eaten conch expectantly, waiting for the urge it was held to create in a man, but that part of him always remained pitifully small and improbable.

At first he thought that what the stranger said might be right, but that could not be, for his people had possessed this belief all their lives and the things they knew were true. Then Wiccy became convinced that he himself was strange, different from other males, and would never be a man. He had tried to take solace in the idea that he wasn't old enough yet. But other boys near his age, one of them younger, had reported experiencing the sudden intimate growth that eating conch was held to bring. That filled Wiccy with secret uneasiness, guilty fear, and a sense of lack. It worried him mightily.

Now, because today they didn't have their bathing trunks, he and Knowles would be completely naked while the sun dried them and they ate. Knowles would evidence what conch did to a man. Wiccy would see this strange thing for the first time.

He was stung with sharp curiosity and hope. At last he would learn what it was.

But also Knowles would be able to see that there was something the matter with him. He quailed before this prospect. When Knowles took up the fish knife to open the shell, Wiccy tried to think of some excuse that would let him put on his clothes over his dripping body so that his shame would not be seen.

"Put you on a 'at," Knowles ordered. Knowles himself now wore one of the rush hats that were on the boat. But that was all, and by the fact and by his command, it showed that he had no thought of Wiccy doing anything more. Knowles would think it queer, and ask questions, if he covered himself while still wet, or went to dry himself off. It was their habit, even with trunks, to let the sun dry them before dressing.

Slowly, in agony, Wiccy reached for a hat and put it on his head. He watched while Knowles worked at the conch. There was nothing new or strange about what Knowles did with it. It was only new that they were entirely bare. For the first time between them Wiccy felt a self-consciousness of their nakedness. And at what was coming his heart hammered.

With the blade of his knife Knowles jabbed an opening in the shell not far from the tip. Inside this he thrust with the knife, to cut the muscle holding the animal to the shell. Then, turning it over, he dug with his hand into the mouth. He grasped something, and pulled. With a sucking sound a heavy mass of squirming flesh weighing several pounds and dripping clear jelly, came out.

Wiccy looked to see if there was something different about this conch that would magically assure him about the thing he feared in connection with himself. There wasn't. There were the same soft organs of nearly every color in the rainbow, the same black, still living waving tendrils, the same creamy pink, almost translucent flesh that moved spasmodically at being brought so rudely out into the light.

Holding it up for an instant while the little life left in it quivered out, Knowles said, "You don't tell me that ain't the prittest thing in creation, man; it don't make no matteration wot else you mention."

As much as at Knowles for the first time calling him a man as at the sight, Wiccy choked, "I'm don't dispute it."

Knowles laid the mollusk down on the engine hatch cover. With his knife he slashed off several pieces of the raw meat. He put one in his own mouth and handed the other to Wiccy. He cut more and they began to savor the delicacy in earnest.

For some time the man chewed placidly, the boy nervously. Wiccy waited, trying not to look at Knowles. But Knowles took no notice of him, staring instead at the shore of the key, and Wiccy was drawn by Knowles' body, fascinated, unable to keep his eyes away.

Then, as they chewed and swallowed, there came to Knowles what eating conch did to a man. He had heard also what the stranger to the Keys had said about this. But the stranger, like most, was crazy. Knowles had believed in conch-eating all his life, so long and so firmly that even the suggestion was enough to make his body act. He believed almost religiously, and that was enough to make a power steal into him, asserting itself frankly, changing and charging him, making him ready.

Wiccy took in the lesson rigidly, staring with wide eyes. He was so surprised that for an instant he knew nothing else. That was it, then. That was the thing that happened. The manifestation filled him with a great wonder.

Then, upon realization, Wiccy's face went fiery red. He was so stirred that he could hardly bear it. In confusion, he looked down, hiding his face behind the broad brim of his hat.

What he saw in connection with himself shocked and amazed him. That he had followed Knowles in this he couldn't at once credit, and he made little stuttering sounds. Then the sensation of it told him that it was so.

Wiccy was possessed of a curious shame that made him burn. He couldn't look up at Knowles. But when he heard Knowles moving about in the boat and paying no attention to him, gladness flamed in Wiccy. There was a vast relief and even pride. He glanced gratefully at the remains of the conch. What was said about it was true; Wiccy knew now that he believed this fervently.

There was nothing the matter with him. He was to be a man after all. He stole another shy look at himself and was content.

"I let him think he was seducing me and he let me think I was earning a mink coat—the rat!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER G. WICHMAN/BIRNBACK

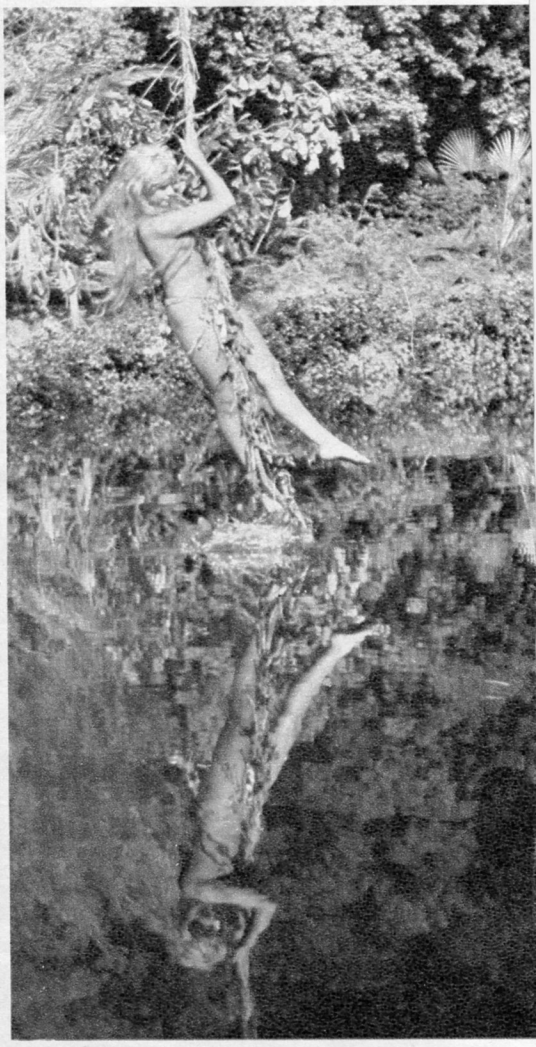
JUNGLE GODDESS

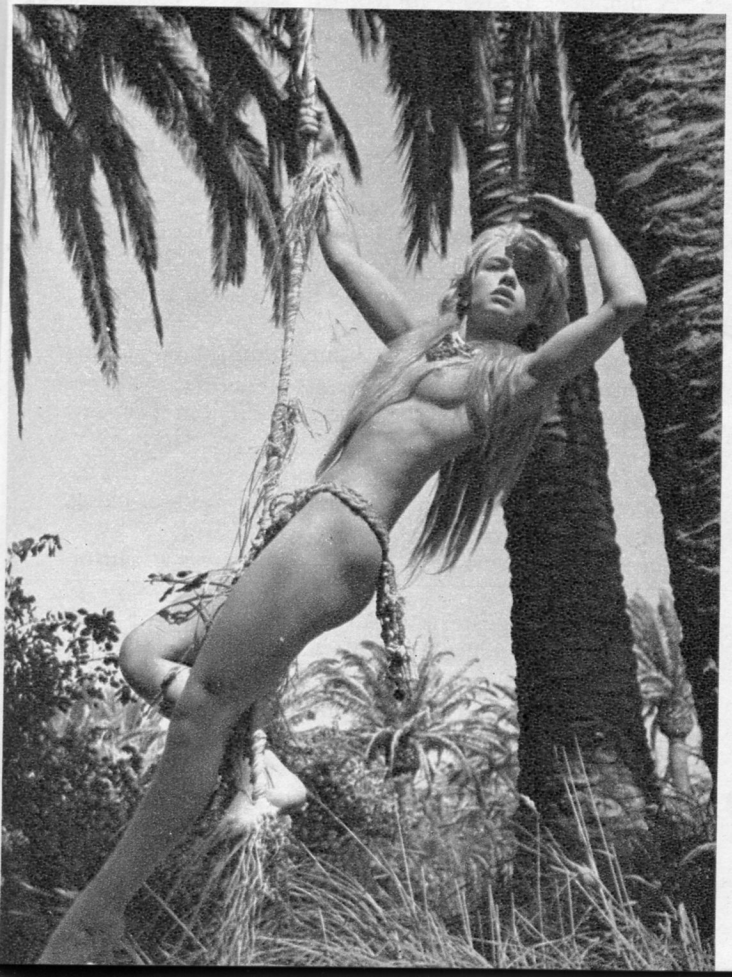
This is the story of a primeval, wild girl — and the ravishing actress who portrays her

Here's the answer to a producer's dream: a boldly beautiful, yet kittenish young girl to play the role of Liane, The White Goddess of the Jungle.

Based on the famous story of a beautiful girl who grows up among wild jungle animals after the death of her British parents, the picture will be one of Europe's biggest and splashiest ever. And Marion Michaels—who got the part after responding to an ad in a German newspaper—will be the sensual, untamed Liane.

All of which means a brand new life for the Fraulein, who only recently fled through the Iron Curtain from East Germany. After beating out thousands of other actresses for the part, this blond-haired ex-ballerina now finds herself hailed as Europe's latest dramatic discovery. Despite her lack of previous dramatic experience, though, it's plain to see that a jungle loincloth becomes her easily as well as the dancer's leotard. Here are some of the test shots for the film as evidence.





These pictures were taken in a wild park near Naples, Italy—where producer Eduard von Borsody is shooting Liane's story. Marion's role is an exacting one—calling for animal strength and grace as well as a high degree of femininity. Marion is having the time of the life—although her mother escorts her constantly to make sure that Italy's wild beasts (males) don't get at the Jungle Queen. After all (it says here) a career comes first . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY KEANE

satire

CHARLES E. FRITCH

This is the jungle.

My name is Tarzan. I'm an apeman.

I was working the night watch out of Nairobi, when a call came through on the tom-toms. A diamond mine had been heisted in the Kimberley district. Chief suspect was a blonde in a leopard skin and high heels. My job: find her!

Five ay-em. The jungle drums were going: bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong.

I stopped in a clearing to light a reefer, and a spear went through my right shoulder. I became suspicious. I looked up. There stood a blonde in a leopard skin and high heels.

"Look, sister," I said. I called her "sister" because she looked like an ape. "Look, sister, who you think you're throwing spears at?"

"Got a spare reefer for me, apeman?" she countered in a husky voice.

"The name's Tarzan," I said. "This is my assistant, Cheetah."

I gave her one from my loincloth—a reefer, that is. She took it, and bent forward to receive a light as I rubbed two sticks together. The sticks caught fire; her eyelashes went up in smoke.

"Sorry," I said.

"Part of the game," she said. "Say, what's with them jungle drums? Alla time goin' bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong."

I shrugged. "What's on your mind, ma'am?"

"Got any booze?" She shook her long blonde hair so it covered one eye—the blue one. I suspected her of being evasive.

I gave her my hip flask full of coconut juice. She took a long drink, coughed twice, gasped, doubled up, moaned, fell retching and lay still for several minutes. Finally, she got up, smiling a Mona Lisa smile.

"Boy," she confided. "I needed that!"

"The name's Tarzan," I reminded her. "Boy gone chasing Girl."

"Look," she said, "you've been a good egg. How about coming up to my treehouse and learning the facts of life?"

"Anything to get the facts, ma'am," I said.

She threw grateful arms around me and kissed me hard on the mouth. Then she leaped back, a hurt look on her face.

"Sorry," I said, removing the crushed cigarette from my lips.

"There's one thing I don't get," she said.

"Ma'am?"

"Yeah, how about those crazy jungle drums, alla time goin' bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong?"

I shrugged. "How about a date Saturday night if Dad'll let me take the elephant? We can go over to the veldt and and watch a hot lion hunt."

"Ugga bugga boo," she said, which meant either "You betcha, doll" in native dialect—or else she was choking from part of a half-swallowed cigarette butt.

"Or maybe we could go to the Ubangi Drive-In," I suggested. "There's a musical playing, 'Call Me Mogambo.'"

"Ugga bugga with me, Tarz."

"Or maybe—"

"Okay," she said. "Okay, okay, okay, so don't make a federal case outta it awready!"

"Federal case," I mused. "Oh yes, that reminds me, you haven't by any chance seen a suspicious-looking blonde in a leopard skin and high heels, have you?"

"How's that?"

"A blonde," I said, "in leopard skin," I continued, "and high heels," I concluded.

"Not me. Oh, by the way—"

"Ma'am?"

She howled suddenly and tore her shoulder strap and jumped up and down and mussed her hair and then growled, "Okay, bub, enough of this small talk; fork over some dough before I call a cop."

I shrugged stoically and handed her five crisp new hundred dollar bills. "The egg money," I explained.

"I hope you're not sore," she said. "I need it for bus fare."

"You're a good kid," I told her, smiling and patting her elbow.

"I tried to be a woman of the world, but you saw through me."

"It's the leopard skin," I explained.

"I'll never forget you for this," she said, sobbing. "Never, never, never!"

"Careful," I warned. "The loincloth isn't sanforized."

She shot me a grateful look, removed her spear from my shoulder, and galloped away on all fours.

The next week we were married and lived happily ever after. I never did find the diamond thieves or how come alla time the jungle drums go bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong, bong de bong-bong.

But then you can't have everything.

The sinister *bong de bong-bong* of the jungle drums beats out the call: "Send out the Dragnet!" Or is it: "How's your mom, Cheetah?" Frankly, who knows?

TARZAN GOES APE

fiction

BOB BRISTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY IRV DOCKTOR

The Madison Avenue sophisticate had a thing or two

THE HOER

It happened when I had reached the fourth row in this cotton field. I was thinking about Tolstoy while I chopped weeds, and about how great Charlie Chaplin used to be, and what the hell a guy with so much geetus saw in Communism, and about the best cognac I had ever had, about this lady friend I used to know who laughed gleefully on the twenty-fifth time when she was visited by a group of friends of which I was one, and about the latrines in Paris, and about the University of Heidelberg where I received my Master's and got mixed up with a professor who could blow a pretty good whistle, and near the end

(*turn to page* 28)

to learn from a raw, fiery girl in the cotton field

of the fourth row, about how hot it was and how it made the seat of your pants stick to the *gluteus maximus* when you bent over to pull one of the weeds that was so close to a stalk of cotton that it became too intricate a maneuver to hit it with a hoe.

In the first place, I was in this cotton field because I left an exclusive job with an advertising agency that paid me a figure in excess of $20,000 a year because I refused to write subtle copy about ladies' falsies. That is hypocrisy. What in urination is subtle about false breasts?

In a fit of madness I wrote the following poem and submitted it to the head copy editor, a bald old gent of sixty with high blood pressure and piles:

Ladies, if they are flat,
Tromped down and limp like a mat,
Simply strap on this bra and gently blow.
Your friends won't know you from M. Monroe. Feces!

I am told the executive action in my case was justified. So I'm in the cotton field on row four.

As I finished the row and leaned heavily on my hoe, I noticed this creature chopping leisurely in the row next to mine. She was wearing dungarees and a cotton shirt that fitted loosely so that when she bent to pull a weed growing close to a cotton stalk, as described above, one did not, to be crude, ignore the view. This one did not.

I had seen the Venus de Milo, and I was not a novice at these things, and I must assure you that this was not an ordinary woman. I became interested in her. I saw the blazing sun lighting her straw hat like a halo. I saw her dark skin gleaming. Her black hair was not in tight curls, nor did it smell of Kenton's 100% Lilac Scented Lard Compound. Here, in the midst of the burning heat, lost in the endless acres of Mississippi cotton jungles, I had found quality. I approached her with a knowing smile.

"Hot old day, isn't it?"

"This hoe needs a-filin'."

I ran fiercely to the truck and found a file. I ran back, quite breathless, and bent at her feet. She dropped the hoe.

"Let me sharpen it," I said.

"Sure."

Her voice was a whisper, the far-off murmur of the wind through the Kenya brush country. It was the primitive low groan of the blues singer at the Latin Quarter. Around me was row upon row of cotton. Twenty rows away was a shed, used for housing tools. I jotted it down in my mind.

"My dear," I said soothingly, "this work is too great for you. You do not belong here."

"It's a bunch a' crap," she said.

I swallowed.

"I am Benjamin Harris."

"They ought to have water down here at the end of the rows."

"Let me get you a drink," I said.

I loped over to the truck and caught up a water bag and hurried to her. She drank.

"I'll chop alongside you," I said suggestively.

"Let's chop."

We began. It was exhaustive work, but now life had a meaning. It was no longer dog eat dog. It was not victory for the cruel and unmerciful. It was tender. It was glory. She bent to pick a weed from the ground. Life was purposeful.

"You chop well," I said.

"I get along."

"Have you done this much?"

"I don't get blisters."

We came close to the end of the fifth row. Of course she was not educated. What did it matter? Beauty is a thing most magnificent in its natural state, not tampered, nor painted, nor corroded with civilization.

"I like you," I said.

She stopped hoeing and studied me. Perhaps she saw the weary traveler who likes to rest his soul upon a shore and call it home. A man who knows no home and who will forsake it when the lust to move grows like a fever within him.

Or perhaps she saw the artist, grown tall by his completed work of art, who feels for a singular moment that life is rich and worthwhile and must be shared.

"You're okay," she said, bending to brush a clod that had stuck to her hoe.

"I would say that you are a beautiful woman," I said. I mopped my brow. It was incredibly hot.

Her dark eyes glimmered. "You on the make?" she asked.

I was taken aback. "You misunderstand," I said.

"I just don't go for that crap."

"Let us not say any more of it."

"You look funny. Like you thought I was a cheap . . ."

I pressed my finger to my lips. "Please," I said.

"Okay," she said, "only don't try to grab it out here. I got this hoe." She waved it menacingly.

"I can tell you are not that type," I said. "It shows all over you."

She examined herself momentarily. Then she smiled. "Oh."

Obviously she was pleased.

We reached the end of the fifth row. My arms ached.

"I didn't mean all that," she said. "But I don't go for that crap."

"Certainly," I said. "I understand."

We rested on our hoes. I smiled assuringly at her.

"It's hot."

"Terribly," I said.

Then she began to unbutton her cotton shirt. In a moment it was loose, hanging open.

"I'm hot myself," I said, and unbuttoned my shirt.

There we were, standing in the field, our shirt fronts open, eyeing each other appraisingly.

"Are you thirsty again?" I asked idiotically.

"No."

"I'm not either."

We began to hoe. When the planter harvests the sixth row that I hoed, he will be lucky to pull enough cotton to make a good sized athletic strap.

"When I was in Paris," I said, showing my wide knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants, "I knew a woman like you."

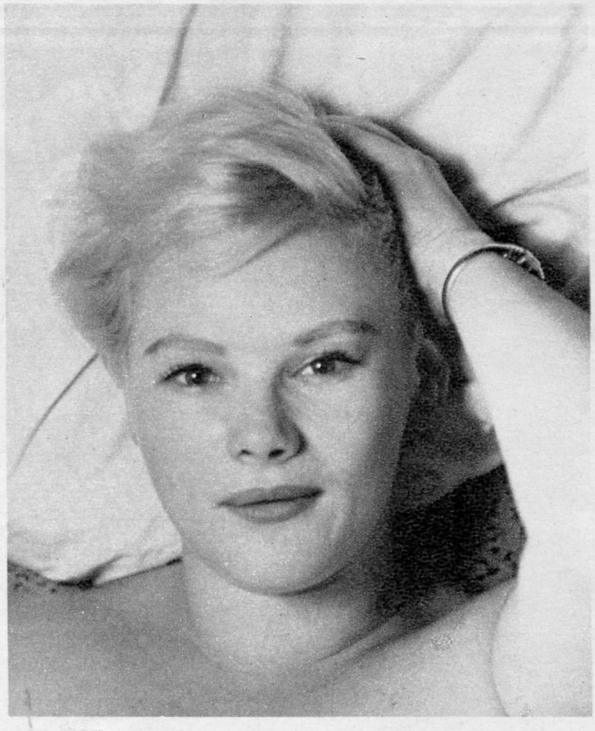
Silence.

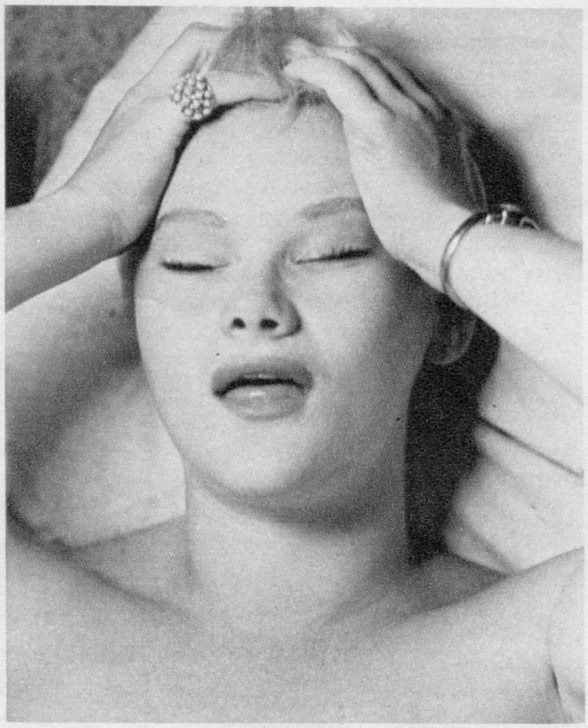
"She had only one blemish."

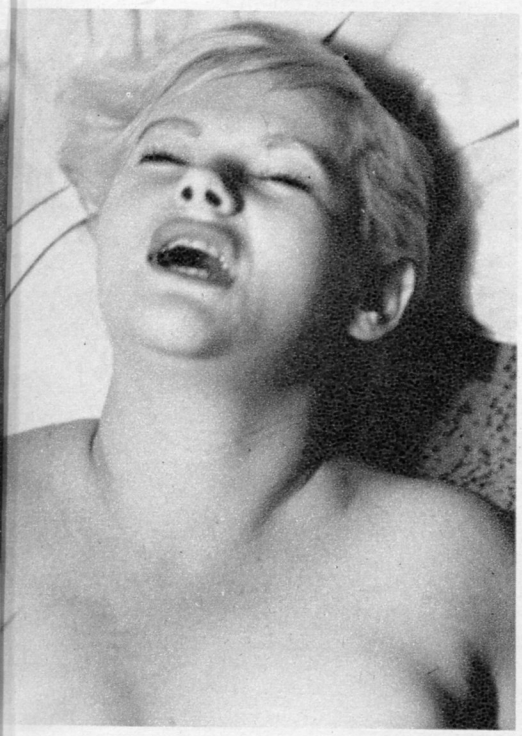
Suddenly this creature looked up, inquiring.

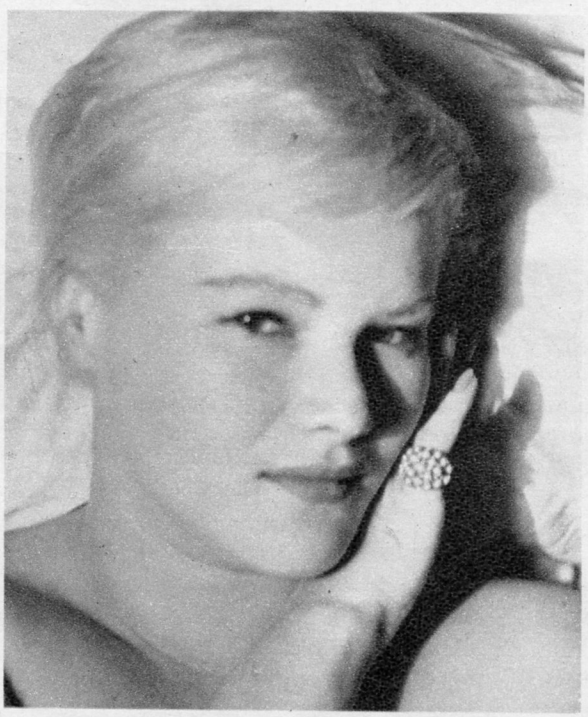
(*turn to page* 32)

Happy Valentine . . .









. . . To All Our Readers.

"It all started when I was voted *Miss Rheingold* . . ."

THE HOER

(*continued from page* 28)

"It was a mole."

"Where?"

"Well," I said, lying, "I am a painter. I paint people. And she modeled for me. And when I painted this woman, who was as beautiful as you, almost, I always had to remove the mole. It was disturbing."

"Where?"

"On her left arm."

"Oh."

We hoed thoughtfully.

"I don't have no moles on me."

"I'm sure you don't," I said.

We reached the end of the row. I was quite weary.

"It's gettin' hotter."

"Yes."

She pulled at her shirt. It was devastating. She dropped it to the ground.

"No moles," she said.

"I see."

Apparently we were hoeing much slower than the others. They were now three rows away and at the far end of the field. It became obvious to us, at the same spontaneous moment, that we would have difficulty hoeing another row.

We began.

"Must you do this sort of work?"

"Used to it," she said, chopping vigorously at a weed.

"You haven't been a hoer all your life?"

She laughed wildly.

"I would like to paint you," I said, thankful that no brushes or paint were within twenty miles.

"You're okay," she said.

I laughed.

We were halfway down the row. I saw that at the end was the tool shed.

"Let's hoe faster," I said.

She followed my eyes. She hoed.

We neared the end.

"You don't think. . . ." she said.

"Certainly not," I assured.

Her arm brushed mine as we chopped wildly. It was terrible. We reached the end. I nodded toward the shed. She walked ahead, supple in movement. She turned and leaned against the door, facing me. I reached out to touch her, this gem, this majestic creature.

"Five bucks," she said.

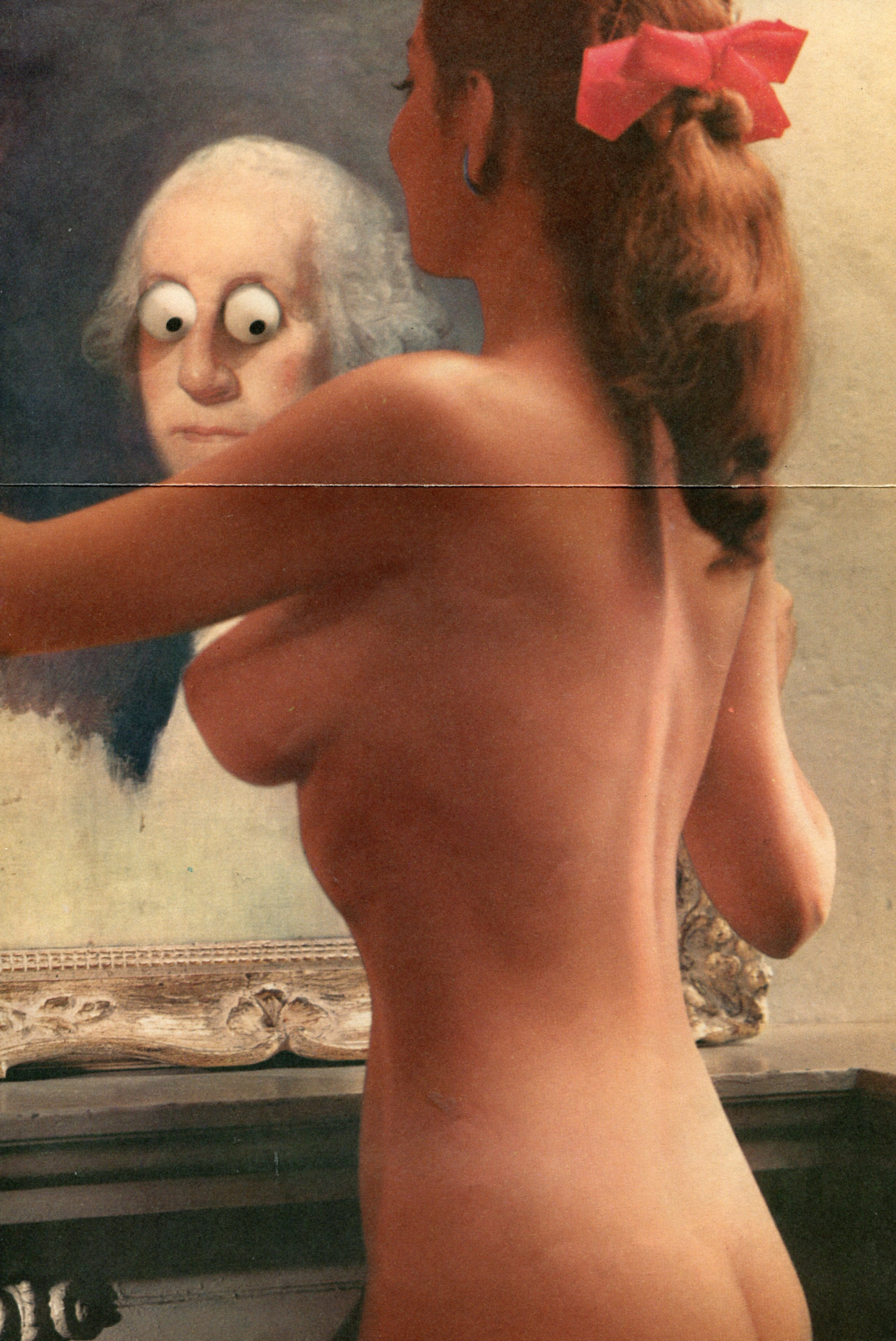
I raised my eyebrows in disbelief.

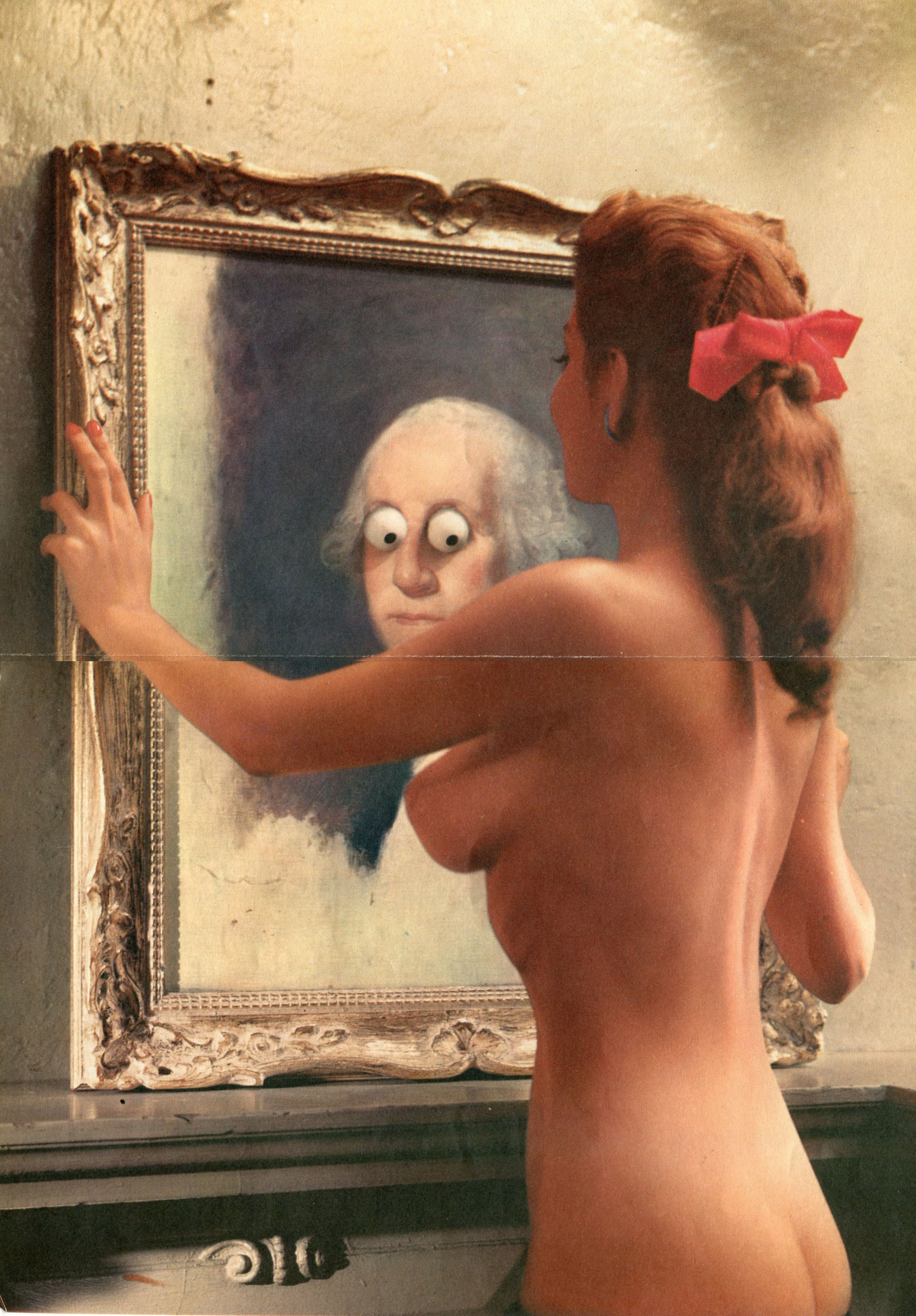
"Five bucks," she repeated.

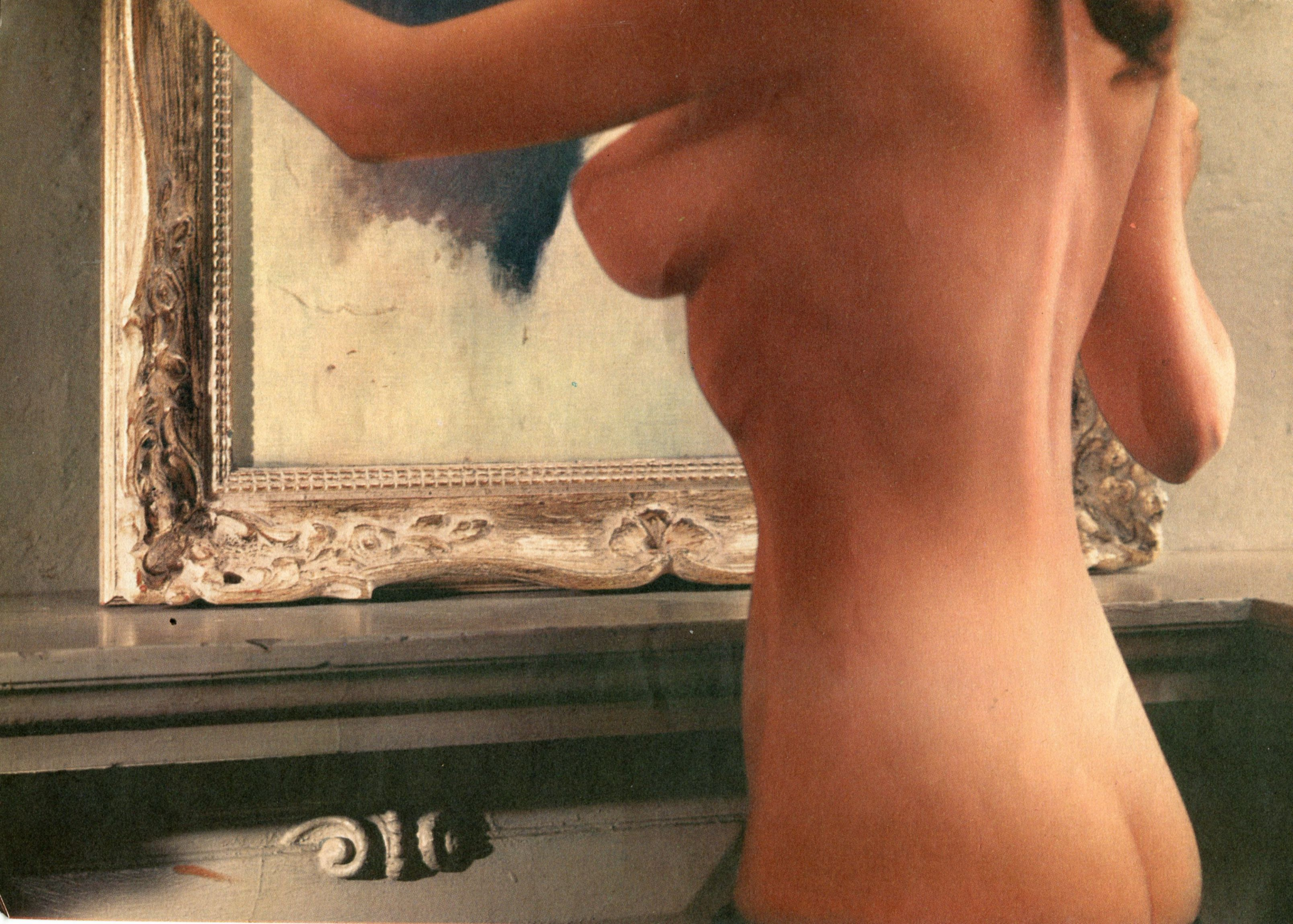
The Mississippi sun blazed down, scorching the earth. My heart pounded. The world became once again a crazy confused thing. The heat rays moved across the cotton, distorting the land and the horizon. The poles between toil and pleasure tugged within me in an unceasing battle.

I saw the semblance of a smile creep over her face. She began to move her body, not gracefully, but suggestively, a rhythm that bespoke of man's early glimpse of woman in some far flung garden, yet tinged with ethics, wrought through the years by civilization. I felt a smile moving across my sunburned face.

There is, as said, a time and place for everything.







ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD WING

article / ALLEN RANKIN

LIFE IN A TURKEY HAREM

In the spring, a young man's fancy turns to love — and the gobblers go completely out of their heads!

This spring, as usual, thousands of more or less civilized human males will plunge into some of America's deepest forests and swamps to try to perpetrate a bizarre sex conspiracy.

Each will attempt to steal into the wooded harem of that amorous sultan, the wild turkey gobbler. And, once in the "inner palace," each hunter will do his best and worst to behave like a turkey hen so seductive as to woo the tyrant gobbler away from a dozen or so quite genuine and competent hens in his court—in order to bring him to gun and have him for dinner.

Several things make this feat almost as difficult as it is presumptuous. The human male is not at his best when trying to impersonate a female, especially a female with feathers. Moreover, any gobbler who succeeds in establishing himself as sultan of his tribe is a much more colorful lover than even the wildest Lotharios among his hunters are allowed to be. He knows what he wants in the way of romance and easily surrounds himself with whole harems-ful of the same. He is usually too preoccupied to be distracted by a phony human "her." Finally, his feathered paramours know a great deal more about

(*turn over*)

what they are up to than any hunter, trying to imitate them, can hope to.

Even so, countless wild gobblers are done to their deaths in their boudoirs each spring by blundering human impostors who will do almost anything to outwit or outwile a turkey. Most hunters depend largely upon besting the real hens at the *queets* and *cuioks* which are their love calls. But gunners young or old, lean or fat, athletic or arthritic, will clamber hundreds of yards on their hands and knees to get to a gobbler before one of his rightful concubines does. Some contrive to frighten the real hens away to be rid of all competition. I know of one hunter who came crawling face to face with a fierce old hen he was trying to out-maneuver. There was an embarrassing moment of crisis. Finally, the hunter out-stared her!

It was in the pre-dawn blackness of a morning last April that I set out on my first harem invasion, or spring turkey hunt. With me, creeping up a small, steep mountain called White Horse Hill, in southern Alabama, was the gaunt veteran woodsman Darly Hines, one of the best guides and turkey-seducers in the nation.

Within moments after we started, my foot caught in a stump-hole and I crashed nose-on into a tangle of briars. "A fine hen you're going to make," Darly growled. Testily, I thought that even in hunting clothes, with a day's stubble of beard and a .12 gauge shotgun, I looked as alluring as he did. Tall, tough and wiry in a buckskin jacket, he was skimming over the ground as soundlessly as the wraith of some woods-scout of pioneer days.

I had no confidence whatever in our expedition. Wild turkeys, I felt, were something that had died out with the Pilgrim Fathers, or shortly thereafter. They had been so scarce even in 1832 that Audubon had lamented "the good old days" when they were numerous. I knew that, thanks to sound conservation methods, these great game birds were said to be "coming back." In thirteen states—nine in the Deep South, and in Texas, New Mexico, Pennsylvania and Maryland—they were abundant enough to allow open seasons on them in winter, and many of these states permitted an additional spring season. I knew that in Alabama we were supposed to have more wild turkeys today than in Indian times! Still, the idea that I might personally encounter one seemed far-fetched and unreasonable.

Then, as Darly and I neared the hill's summit in the first graying light, we heard it—a wild metallic sound that wiped the indifference from my face and froze us in our tracks. *Gil-obble-obble-obble!* Not a cry you can vocalize or spell, but a wild, ringing clash, like steel blades striking into steel.

"In here!" Darly yanked me into a gum thicket after him. "That gobbler's close," he whispered—"not more than 150 yards away!" Up and down the hillside there were other more distant gobbles. "We'll make some love to him t'reckly," Darly said.

As we waited, it grew lighter. The pine needles dripped last night's rain. The yellow-green tops of the live-oaks goldened in the rising sun. The dogwood blossoms glistened like fresh stars. There was time to ponder about the strange courting customs on which we were intruding here in the woods.

Ironically, the wild gobbler, described by some as our "most typically American game bird," the bird so closely associated with Thanksgiving and the founding of a free country, is a dictator to make Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Krushchev look like patriots of democracy.

In the mating season—March and April—he performs all the amatory rites in his ample, many-corridored forest palace. He does away with competition of any kind simply by not permitting any. He allows no other male turkey to gobble, strut, or even look important, under penalty of exile from his realm. Woe be unto any younger or inferior gobblers—even though they be lustier and lonesomer than he—if the old tyrant finds them showing "rebellion" in the love season.

The monarch gobbler is, in fact, such a true sultan that ornithologists of the 16th and 17th Centuries believed he acquired the name "turkey" from the resemblance he bore to the equally garish sultans of that country. Some later authorities hold that the bird named himself by uttering a note sounding to many ears like "turk, turk." Still others believe his name comes from an Indian word rhyming with "turkey" but too obscene-sounding for family usage. The bird probably was first mentioned in print by the Spanish historian Oviedo who described him, around 1527, as "a kind of peacock abounding in New Spain (America)." The gobbler so impressed the Indians because of his formidable sex powers that even the virile Aztec chiefs bowed down to him as an object of worship.

Even in the ten months of the year that he is non-amorous and acting tamely, the turkey king is not exactly a model "family man." Shirking all responsibilities of parenthood, the sultans and sages of different tribes wander off to themselves in small droves and form exclusive "old men's clubs." The females, in larger, more talkative droves of twenty to one hundred, flock together and rear their young without paternal guidance or interference. A third group, the "bachelors," too old to be under their mothers' wings, too young to try for sultanhood, gad aimlessly about in large, gawky flocks while

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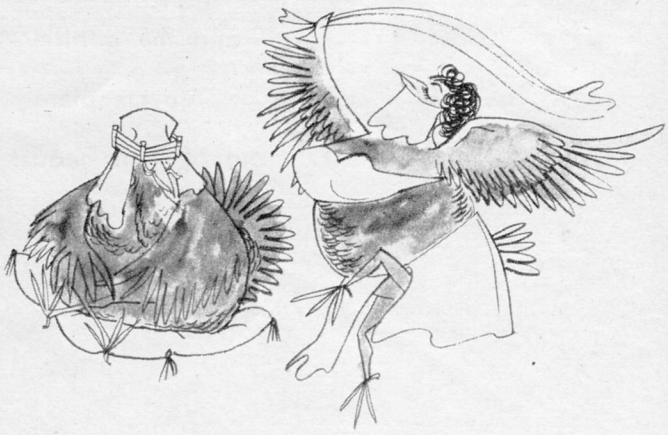

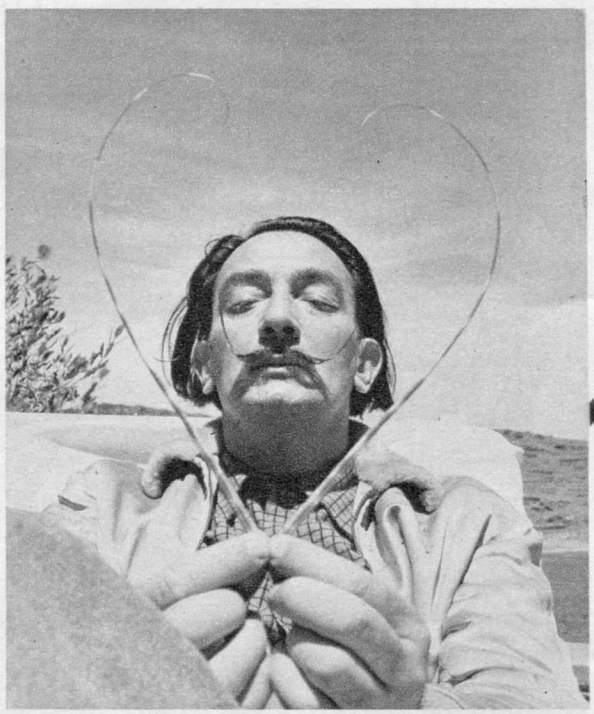

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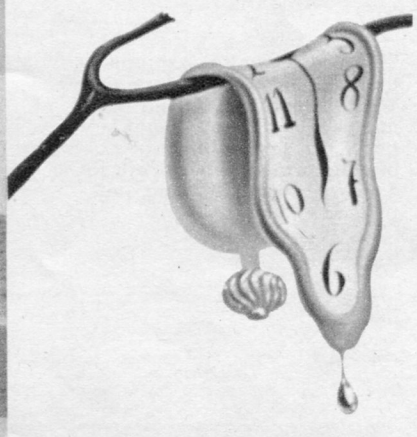


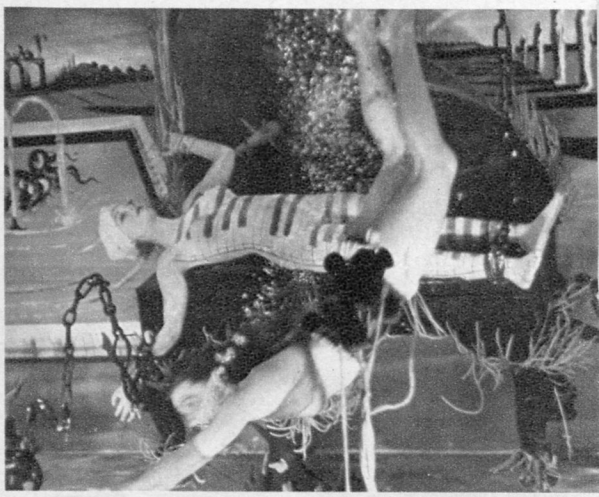
LOVE a la SURREALIST

Salvador Dali erects a unique and bizarre monument to Venus, the Goddess of Love

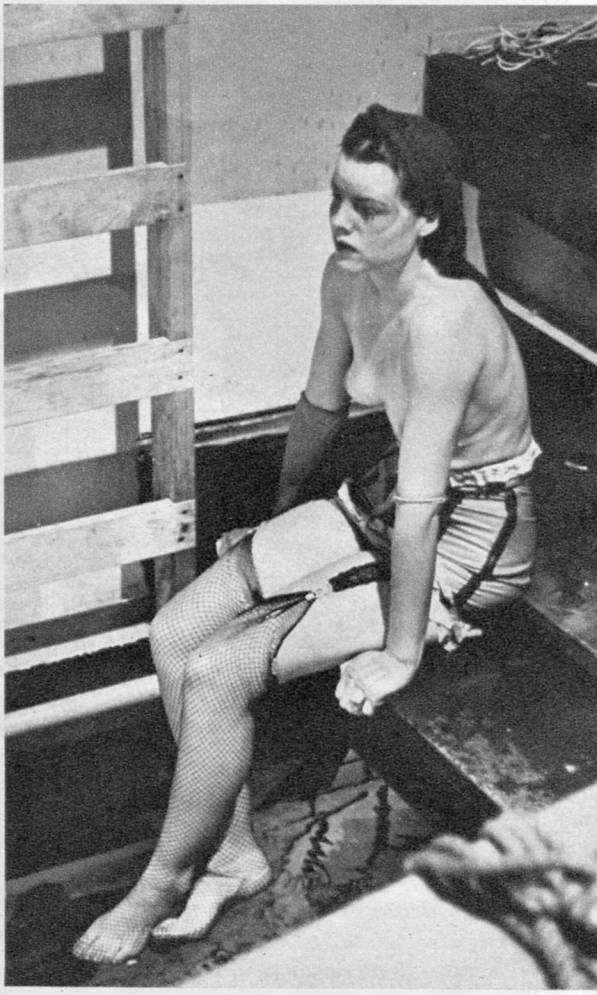
Throughout Salvador Dali's work run the twin threads of the lovely and the grotesque. When his vision is true, the result is powerful and penetrating—as in the Temple of Venus, which Dali designed for the New York World's Fair. This strange and profound creation depicts the Goddess of Love and her dreams. It is Dali at his best—and most frightening

One of the central exhibits in the pavilion was the Mermaid's Tank. It featured, among other things, The Piano Woman (at right), to say nothing of palpitating walls with zippers for doorways and melting telephones.

Inside the Mermaids' Tank, Liquid Ladies moved through the compartments of the tank, swimming among such studied incongruities as limp pianos, exploding giraffes and links of chain.



Black Mermaids (at left above) cavorted along the Beach of Gala-Salvador (Gala is the first name of the artist's wife), which featured limp watches, an Aphrodisiac Vampire, umbrellas suspended from the ceiling, and a woman's torso. At right, there's the Piano Woman again, this time with a water-loving friend.



Venus' 36-foot long bed (complete with aphrodisiac telephone attachment) included "a mattress of glowing coals." Above, one of the Liquid Ladies rests her sore tootsies between swims.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

IT HAPPENED IN ROCHESTER

fiction / IRWIN SHAW

The Sundstroms looked like any other normal middle-aged couple. But they were gripped by a queer, incredible ambition . . .

There were four girls sitting on the wooden benches of the agency's front room. They had on big hats and they talked fast and kept their gloves on and made believe they were very happy and high-spirited and every time one of the office doors opened and a man ran from one room to another through the front office the girls would spring up and cry gaily, "Jules, oh, Jules, darling," or "Harry, now Harry, darling," and Jules or Harry would grunt and wave and disappear and the girls would sit down slowly, not so gay, and wouldn't sound happy or high-spirited for five minutes after that.

I sat between two of the girls, trying to look old, keeping my hat on, flipping through the script of *It Happened in Rochester* and making notes in pencil on the margins to show the girls I was not an actor hanging around for a job.

The girl at the switchboard said, "Mr. McCleary," and I stood up. "In the back office, Mr. McCleary."

The girls watched me coldly as I went through the little swinging gate and toward the back office, holding *It Happened in Rochester* negligently under my arm.

(turn over)

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"Fiddley! Get back here and finish this window before you go to lunch!"

There was a little blond man in the back office. He looked like a boy for the first five minutes, clean and red-cheeked, with all his teeth, and bright eyes.

"My name is Sundstrom," he said, shaking hands with me. "And this is Mrs. Sundstrom."

I looked at Mrs. Sundstrom. She was a round, tall woman who had been Sundstrom's assistant in his juggling act, handing him the Indian clubs and plates and clapping her hands and throwing him a handkerchief after each trick. She smiled at me, a nice, fat, middle-aged woman with good false teeth, who kept her hand always lightly touching her husband's sleeve. When I looked back at Sundstrom I saw that he wasn't a boy at all, but this woman's husband, slim, with a boy's direct, simple appearance, but forty-five years old.

"Sit down, Mr. McCleary," Sundstrom said.

I sat down, finally unhappily taking my hat off.

"Isn't he young to be a director?" Mrs. Sundstrom said, taking a good look at me with my hat off. She smiled at me, but there was doubt in her eye.

"I'm twenty-seven," I said, lying for four years. "I got a young look. When I die I'll have a young look."

Both of them laughed, gently.

"In the theater, dear," Sundstrom said, "age doesn't make any difference. Talent is the thing in the theater. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. McCleary?"

"Yes," I said.

"Still," said Mrs. Sundstrom, "a play like *It Happened in Rochester,* it's full of emotion, it takes an advanced understanding of human nature, very advanced. With all due respect, Mr. McCleary."

I couldn't say that I had an advanced understanding of human nature, so I kept quiet.

"Mr. McCleary is very well recommended, dear," Sundstrom said. "He's the best one left." He turned to me, speaking seriously. "We tried many other directors, Mr. McCleary. The best. All the best. Older men. Some were busy and others didn't like the script."

"They didn't understand the play," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "They want yelling and shooting and movie stars. A simple honest play like *It Happened in Rochester* is beyond them."

"It's a true story," Mr. Sundstrom said. "It happened to me and I wrote it. I waited twenty years to write this play. It's an absolutely true story. The girl is a young woman I knew in Rochester. That was before I met Mrs. Sundstrom." He smiled at her and patted her hand in apology for ever having known another woman.

"That story is absolutely typical," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "It shows how some women are. People will flock to see it."

I looked at the blue covers of *It Happened in Rochester* and fiddled with my hat. "Where's the money coming from?" I asked.

"I'm backing it," Sundstrom said. "My own money. Mrs. Sundstrom and I worked steadily for twenty years. From one end of the country to another. When vaudeville was good. We made as high as three-fifty a week. We retired comfortably. We bought a house in New Jersey."

"You must visit us," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "Come on a Sunday for the whole day."

"Yes," I said. "Why don't you try a regular producer with the play? Why risk your money?" I asked, trying, then, in the first fifteen minutes, to save them.

"We've tried other producers," Sundstrom said.

"They're like the directors," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "They don't understand real-life drama."

"Maybe," I said, "maybe they know what the public wants. Maybe you oughtn't to take a chance. This'll cost about twelve thousand dollars."

"The public will flock to it," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"I am willing to take the chance," Sundstrom said, smiling kindly at me. "I have faith in this play. It's an true story."

"What is your opinion of the play?" Mrs. Sundstrom asked, suspicion for the first time in her voice.

I thought of all the offices I waited in for jobs, and all the "No's," and all the years going past without plays to stage or actors to direct. I thought of my bank account, which read, "Thirty-seven dollars and ninety cents." I looked at the Sundstroms, happy and confident, determined to do the play with me or without me.

I nodded soberly. "It has the ring of an absolutely true story," I said.

The Sundstroms beamed at each other and shook my hand and we agreed to start rehearsals in two weeks and Mrs. Sundstrom asked, "What's your first name?"

"Robert," I said.

"Very nice." She smiled. "It's so silly to call a young boy like you Mr. McCleary."

We shook hands again and I put on my hat and went down and bought a drink.

I cast the play in the little back office. The office belonged to the Lazarus Agency for Actors and Artists, and Jules Lazarus, out of pity or gambler's hope, loaned the Sundstroms the little office and a telephone and the firm's secretary. I sat behind the desk and talked to the actors and actresses and the Sundstroms sat behind me quietly, smiling, Mrs. Sundstrom's hand on her husband's sleeve, trusting me, approving delightedly of every choice I made. From time to time members of their families would come in and silently stand in front of the window and watch and listen. Then they would go out into the hall and confer in whispers with the Sundstroms. Then they'd come back with a grave look of deliberation and take up their old places. I never found out what they said to each other out in the halls because they never questioned any decision I made.

"Young," I heard Mrs. Sundstrom saying to her mother one afternoon, "but definitely talented."

All the Sundstrom relatives who came to stand in front of the window in the Lazarus Agency's back office looked somehow as though they'd never been in New York before.

In the two weeks that I took to cast the play I carefully avoided reading *It Happened in Rochester*. By the time the cast assembled on the stage of the theater for the first rehearsal I had worked myself into a condition of hope.

The Sundstroms and their relatives, now about fifteen in number, came in and sat themselves down along the rear of the dark auditorium as I gave out the sides to the actors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said to the actors, "this is a simple, true play, and I would like it to be played simply and truly. Act One, Scene One . . ."

By the time the first act was over the actors were suppressing giggles. In the first act the good but simple hero met and fell in love with the pretty but bad heroine. The pretty heroine told three different men in the first act that she loved them and spent a great deal of her time buying new dresses. The hero at the first act curtain was building dreams of a cottage in the country and children and raises in salary.

I called a recess after the first act, and all the actors fled the stage without looking at me. I sat at the director's table, with my back to the Sundstroms and their families out in the theater. I counted the steam pipes along the back wall.

The man who was playing the hero came back for his pipe, passed close to my table, whispered as he passed, "Lemons, Mister? Any lemons today, Mr. McCleary?"

He was a good friend of mine.

"Shut up!" I said.

He bowed, got his pipe, smiled like a juvenile at the Sundstroms out in the theater. They all smiled back.

He passed me on the way out, tamping down his pipe, "Turkeys, Mister, are you interested in turkeys today, Mr. Belasco?"

I sat there, rubbing my eyes, feeling as though I was going to have a headache in five minutes. I thought hard about my rent and my chances of getting anything else for the season. I got up and jumped down from the stage and walked up the aisle toward the fifteen Sundstroms. I didn't know what I was going to say, but I was going to say something.

They were all smiling widely at me as I came toward them. Sundstrom had an automatic pencil with a little light in it and a notebook for suggestions. He hadn't opened the notebook yet.

He patted my shoulder as I stopped next to his seat. "We think it's wonderful," he said, smiling happily, thinking about his words, planned for twenty years, being spoken that afternoon on the stage. "My whole family and Mrs. Sundstrom's whole family think it's wonderful."

And all the fifteen Sundstroms leaned over so I could see them and nodded and smiled at me.

"That's good," I said. "Have you any suggestions?"

Sundstrom patted my shoulder again. "We think it's wonderful," he said.

I went back and started the cast on Act Two, Scene One.

For the next three weeks Sundstrom arrived promptly, with his notebook and automatic pencil with the light in it, for every rehearsal. Always, too, Mrs. Sundstrom sat

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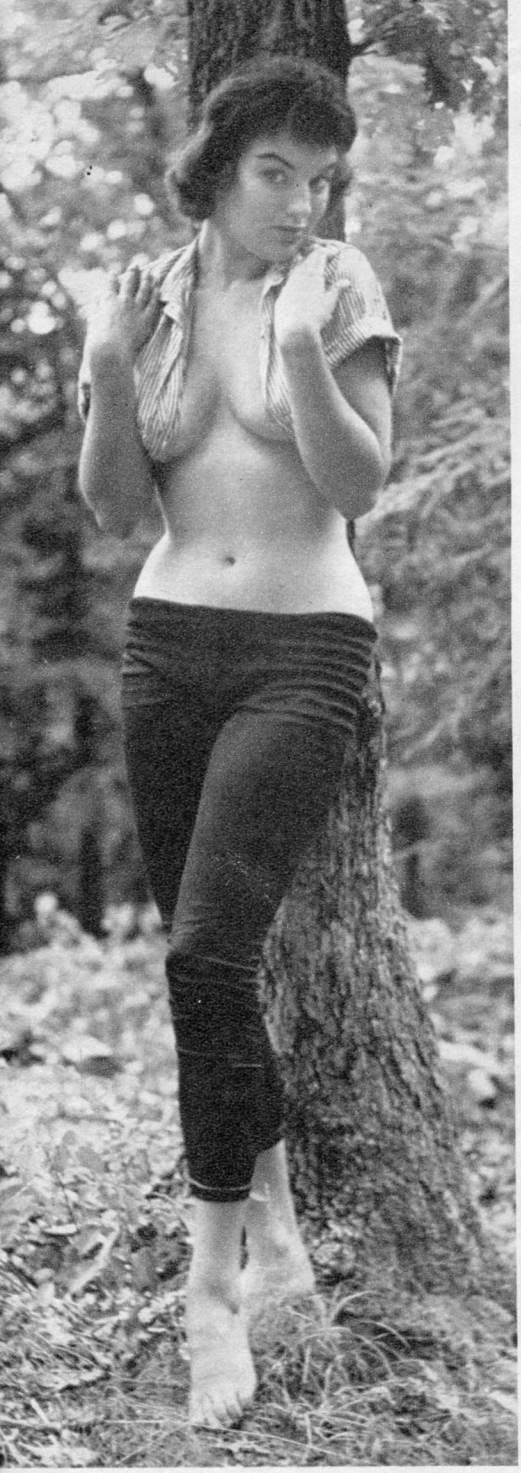
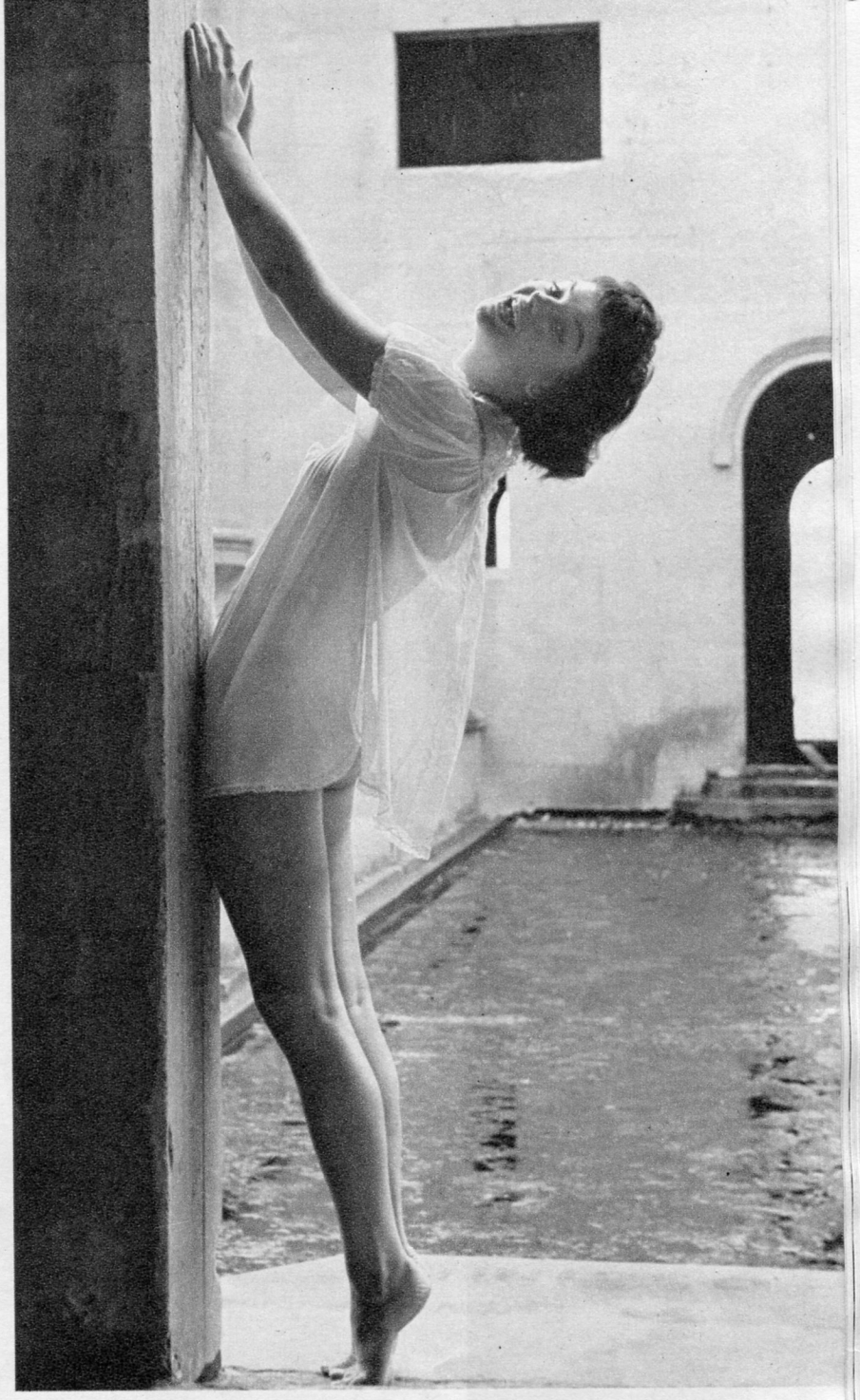
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL WAGNER

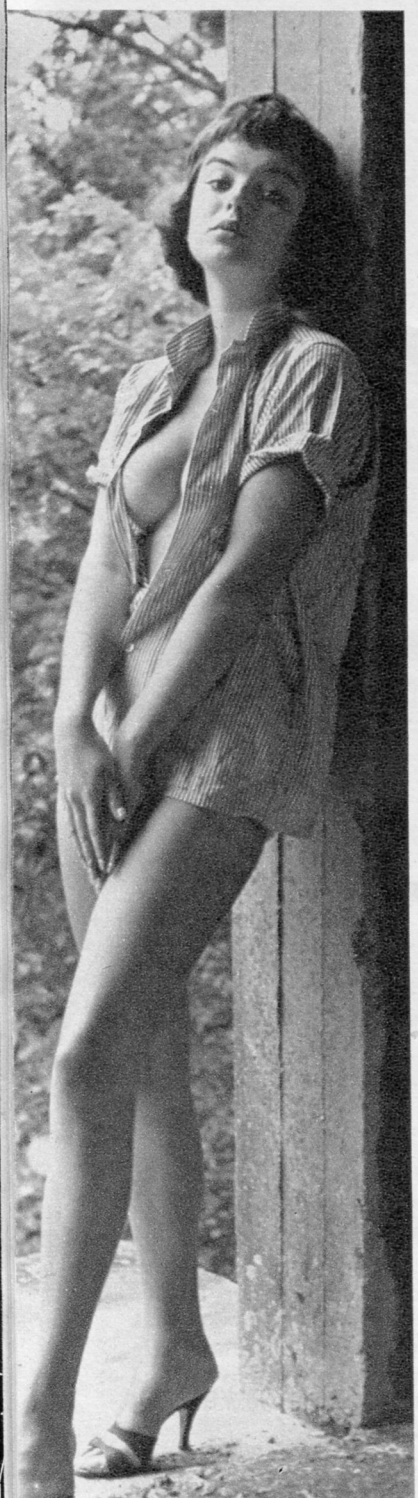
THE FOURTH





MOST LOVELY GIRL IN THE WORLD

is very possibly Sweden's Zahra Norbo—who was Number 4 in last year's Miss Universe contest. Now in the U.S. to pursue a dramatic career, Zahra was voted Miss Sweden after a meteoric career as Scandinavia's swankiest fashion model. Present appearances may belie the fact that Zahra once aspired to be a schoolteacher. Nevertheless, she has become quite a visual aid on her own behalf . . . and we'd be glad to polish an apple for her any day.



No matter how you look at her—
Zahra is a girl who
knows how to put herself across. . . .

satire

ROBERT LOWRY

NEW YORK'S NEW WOMAN

A type every man-about-Manhattan knows — clever, mixed-up, and ready for anything . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

Like that green, distant lady who stands out there in the water at Manhattan's gates, Carol Reed (25, five-foot-six, single, very attractive) also carries a torch for liberty—for a kind of feminine freedom, that is, which Carol came to New York four years ago to find, and found.

It amounts to this: one 2½-room elevator apartment on East 53rd Street; a telephone ringing with more invitations to drinks and dinners and parties than Carol can keep up with; an address book full of Grade A and Grade B contacts in the New York women's magazine world, the right to see whom she likes and go where she likes and get home when she likes—three conditions which wore a rosy, faraway aura a decade ago when Carol was a high school girl in Pittsburgh, or even a few years ago when she was going to Bennington.

For Carol, you see, is a full-fledged, five-star, success-scintillating member of Manhattan's Uptown Bohemia. Her spiritual arena is an area bounded on the north by smooth-running taxicabs and smart bars; on the east by young and not-so-young—but all very "interesting"—men; on the west by boats and planes and trains that can whisk a girl off to Westport for a weekend or to Paris for the standard Left Bank tour; on the south by Greenwich Village, where the tradition which Carol lives by has its roots.

Carol glides about like a long, flashing fish in this metropolitan goldfish bowl, looking, to those who gawk longingly at her in restaurants or on the street, like life's golden girl. But Carol cried last night. She cries at least once a week, and Hubert is usually there when she does.

Hubert is Carol's sole confidant, a pudgy, pink-faced young man who publishes poems in *The New Yorker* (as well as in *The Kenyon Review*) and who treasures his admitted, but seldom practiced, homosexuality as "a precious link with the ancient Greeks" (we're quoting *him*). Every real Uptown Bohemian girl has her Hubert to confide in on slow evenings; he's as much a part of her surroundings as the framed Toulouse-Lautrec poster on the wall, the Billie Holiday albums under the phonograph, the shelf of books that always includes Joyce's *Ulysses,* with its two-year old bobby-pin bookmark about a third of the way through, and the Modern Library *Sanctuary,* a holdover from her college days when it was all the rage among the freshman girls. Hubert, who has a cozy reputation in Carol's set for his caustic volubility and his *double entendres,* adds just the right amount of sugar and spice to one of Carol's blue evenings.

Carol cried last night because she can't love Paul, the well-heeled young advertising executive who wants to marry her. Like a lot of sharp, eager Gotham men who've paddled in and out of Carol's life in the past few years, Paul was attracted there as much by the amused detachment with which she appeared to regard life, love and sex, as by her shining, cleanly scrubbed good looks. She was not the usual clothes-horse zombie, the flesh-and-blood manikin that many American women, aping Hollywood and the fashion magazines, tried so hard to be.

(turn over)

"But you *can't* have an ulcer. We're not civilized yet."

She had a mind, and seemed more interested in showing it than either her profile or her chest. What also intrigued him was her independence; he thought an affair with her would lack the deadening weight of responsibility that girls with families and family futures presented. Just how wrong he could be soon became apparent to him when he found out what Carol's "problem" really was—but by that time he'd already left his heart on Carol's pillow and his mind in Carol's care.

She had a defiant way of arranging to be out with someone else at the very moment a man in love wanted to talk to her most. And she took a cool delight in shattering all moments of passion by bringing up her "lack of affinity for men." Though she could do these things with a detached air that precluded cruelty, Paul's predecessors had, one by one, left her as they found her, and drifted on to newer Carols with similar problems. But Paul, poor poodle, made the mistake of discovering that he owned a conscience and a heart—even though Carol seemed to want no part of them. What rocked him most, however, was Carol's preference for that mincing little scribbler in whom she confided.

"I know I *ought* to love Paul," Carol told Hubert, the scribbler, over their fourth Scotch-and-soda last night. "I know it would be the best thing in the world for me if I could love Paul and even marry him, God help me. Don't you think Dr. Pollock would tell me to—if he ever consented to tell me *anything?*"

Dr. Pollock is Carol's analyst. Almost everyone Carol knows (including Hubert) is going, has gone, or is plan-

ning to go to one kind of mental healer or another; like the five-thirty cocktail, he's a standard prop in the Uptown Bohemian world. Carol goes twice a week, at fifteen dollars per hour-session—the kind of price that is bound to keep a girl at her typewriter, tapping out that overdue article on "Parties—With and Without Couples" for *Glamour* and wading drearily into that pat newlyweds-meet-a-problem short story for *McCall's*.

"My dear," Hubert answered, making the ice in his glass tinkle, "I don't think Dr. Pollock would be likely to tell you any such thing. I think he'd be much more tempted to suggest that you snap on your bow tie, do your hair in a boyish bob, and *be* what you're afraid you *are*."

"Oh God, Hubert—*no*," Carol moaned, pretending to be engulfed by the idea but actually shivering deliciously in secret over it. "Do I *have* to be one? It's so *complicated*."

For Carol, it all started at Bennington. There, pretty nearly all the really bright, really artistic girls—the girls who wrote stories or poems, painted pictures, or at least *wanted* to do something of the sort—decided they had some vague, but terribly smart peculiarity called "lesbian tendencies," and that the only men worth talking to were homosexual. It gave them a rich, goose-pimpling feeling of liberation—the same one that the First World War female generation had gotten out of the thought of rolling its stockings, and petting, and drinking bathtub gin.

Within the hothouse fastnesses of Bennington and Vassar and Mills and Sarah Lawrence, this queer tingle of liberation seemed an original answer to a young lady's most paralyzing problem: how to be "truly" oneself and "truly" creative in the face of such perils as husbands, babies and general domesticity on the one hand, and the depersonalizing threat of mass-market glamor on the other. If you could decide that you were a lesbian, of course, the domestic problem disappeared by itself. And you were challenging men with something a lot more unique and much more personal than a fashion frock or a frozen pose. You had really managed to crawl under the barbed wire that surrounded their camp and challenged them on their own ground at last.

Not that Carol's friends at college—or Carol herself—ever did much more about their thrilling "inclinations" than chatter, shudder, whisper three or four celebrated names they'd heard gossip about, and raise a few eyebrows. But even such meager titillations really did give them some relief from the overpowering ogre of the faceless, mindless futures which society, one way or the other, seemed to be pushing them into.

It is true that after graduation the great majority of Carol's classmates accepted society's values concerning their maturity and drifted into marriage, or went back to their home towns where they lost themselves in mediocre jobs a thousand miles removed from the special college world they had created. But the daring few, Carol among them, made the break and came to Manhattan, where they found two versions of a new feminine Bohemia in the making. In spite of the Dylan Thomas-like poems she had been writing for the past few years, Carol sensed immediately in which version she belonged: the uptown set.

For a year she worked as a *Life* researcher, a job she hated, and quit the day she sold an article to a fashion magazine. Now her freelance income has about it a bohemian uncertainty, and her life has taken on a bohemian irregularity. The only difference is that the checks which the men who buy her drinks and dinners pick up have very unbohemian-like totals on them, and the clothes she wears, the apartment she lives in, the weekends she goes off on are hardly the kind of thing an old-style bohemian can afford. For something has happened to Bohemia since the war: part of it has moved uptown and become *chic*. Aging society matrons mix happily with it at ballet theater openings.

Such professional Park Avenue adolescents as Truman Capote and Theodora Keogh write its literature—precious little novels about apparitions and homosexuals with precious little in them—and psychiatrists and psychoanalysts confess its sins. The chief membership requirement is a jumbo-sized contempt for all the mediocre, machine-made aspects of modern life—from the vacant-eyed glamor girl who stares out from every magazine cover and movie poster, to the stuffy, stodgy, predictable world of business and family. Carol conforms and agrees to the membership requirements, and yet now and then she vaguely hears, in a life that on the surface seems to be a high-powered, lucre-lubricated world of fun and freedom, a certain hollow ring.

Strange that Jill Jamison, who was a member of Carol's snobbish little clique of poetry-writing young females at Bennington, should have scorned this new world of Uptown Bohemia, and settled for the old, downtown one. Strange because while Carol, who aimed at the moneyed Bohemia, comes from a mere haberdasher's family in a middle-class Pittsburgh neighborhood, Jill Jamison was born in Manhasset, Long Island, and her father, though never what you could call "rich," did very well in real estate and belongs to a country club. Jill could belong to a country club too, or live on East 53rd Street like Carol, if she chose. But she prefers her cold water place on Vandam Street, below Greenwich Village.

Jill is only five-foot-two, an energetic towhead with

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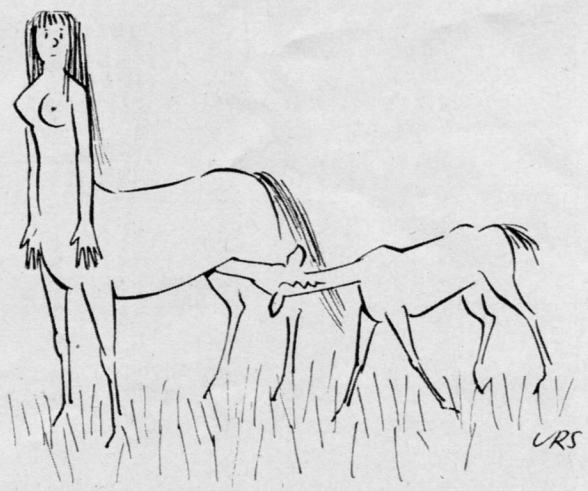
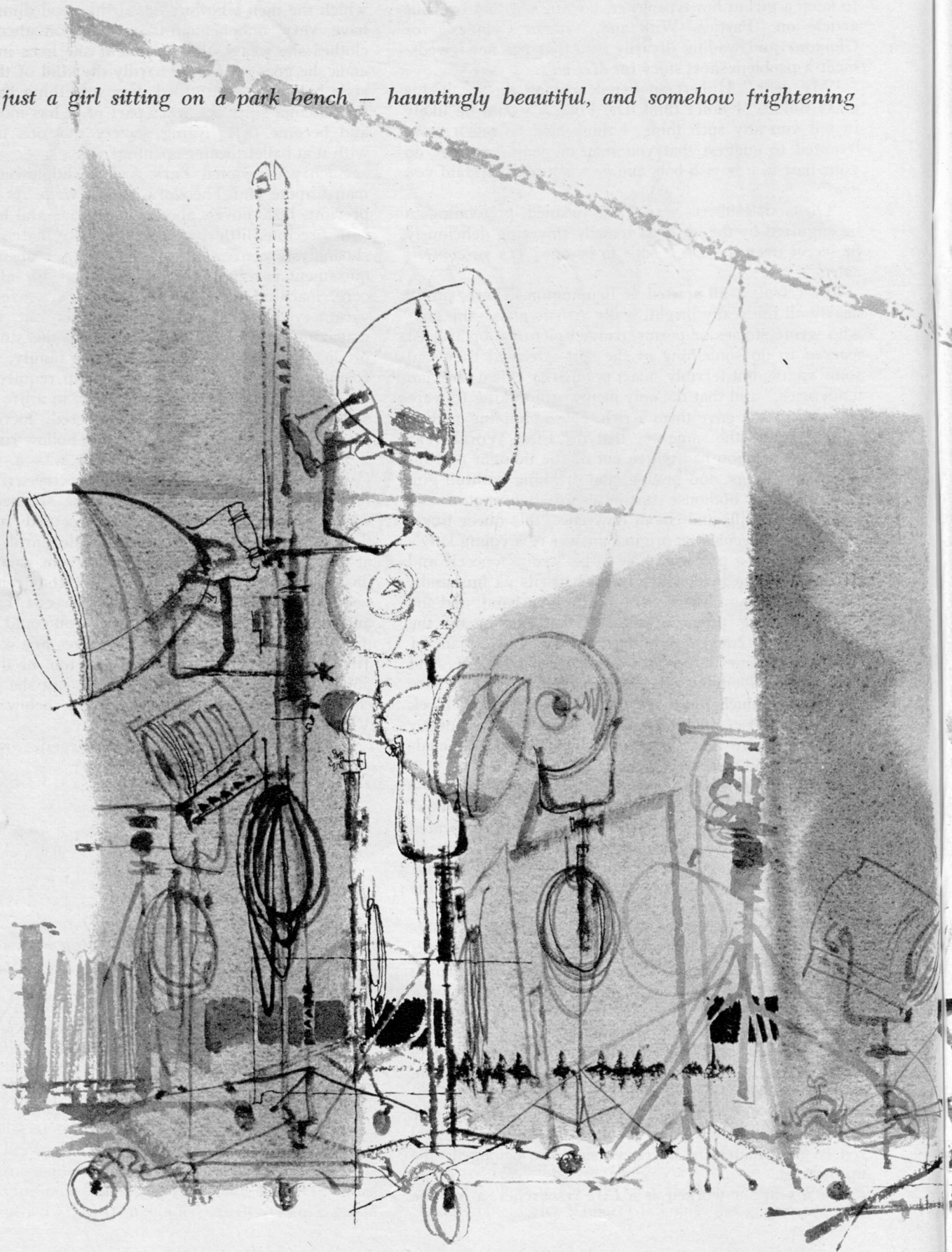


She was just a girl sitting on a park bench — hauntingly beautiful, and somehow frightening



THE HUNGRY ONE

fiction / HARLAN ELLISON

I'm looking at the pictures, but I don't believe it. I may simply faint, and be done with it, but I don't—doubly *don't*—believe it.

Nedra's asleep in the bedroom, and well she should be after the monumental bout we staged tonight, and I'm almost afraid to go in and waken her. Oh hell, it's just a trick, that's all, or a fluke of my Leica, or a queery-angle of light. But still . . .

Central Park uptown can be a weird and wonderful thing on an early spring day, but today wasn't a spring day. This was the middle of October, with the grass frantically struggling to stay green as it was trampled, with the trees whispering how clever they were to be dumping their leaves, with the sky siphoning down from a watery blue to a washed-out orange near the horizon. It was the Park on a day when all the Nannies would rather have been in the apartments, with their white shoes off, drinking tea and watching TV instead of perambulating their charges' perambulators. A week after the World Series, when the wormy little bookies who had lost their shirts on Larsen's no-hitter had crawled back into the topsoil till football season was underway. A sort of day that idles along, like a rolling hoop, just lightly

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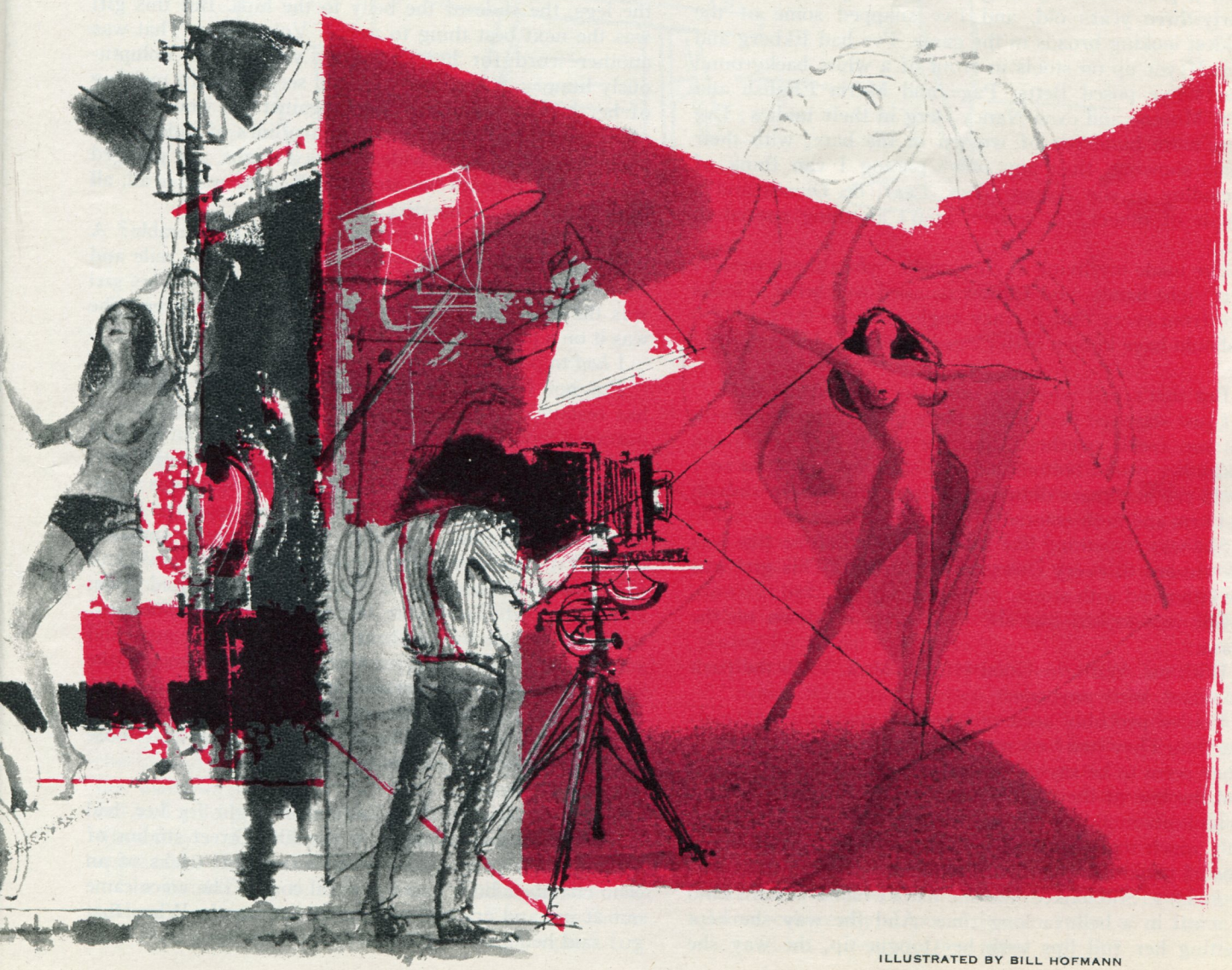


ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

jouncing over troublesome things like the dirt on the paths and the snotty gang kids looking for a rumble, just going its way with an occasional shove or two.

That sort of day. And the people on the benches were nothing spectacular. Mostly old men and women, taking the sun—what there was of it—and proud young mamas, showing their offspring to the folks.

It didn't look like the sort of day to be getting any good photos, but I decided to leg it around a few blocks of park and snap what there was.

Well, I was skirting the benches along in the Sixties, snapping one here and one there, catching a kid trying to stomp a dirty pigeon, catching a woman watching the sky to see if rain was coming and picking her nose at the same time, catching a bum twisted up like a foetus on a bench, with a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* over him for warmth. Nothing spectacular, but maybe it would look good in the darkroom.

It was just as I was passing the 79th Street underpass —you know, the part that takes you down to the boat basin—with the October wind snapping up off the Hudson, tossing my sandy hair around my head, making me wish I'd worn my topper, when I spotted her.

Now let me get this straight with you for a second. I've been a professional photog for twelve years now. I'm thirty-three years old, and I've snapped some of the wildest looking broads in the game. I've had Ekberg and Eve Meyer up on stools in front of a white background sheet; I've posed Bettie Page and Marla English and Rita Moreno and even Nancy Berg in their undies; I've seen more hundreds of women in the bare, with their vitals showing, than any other photog I can think of, excluding maybe Zoltan Glass, Leaf, de Dienes and a couple of others. So women aren't anything special to me.

I've made my living at cheesecake, when there weren't "art" jobs handy, and I know damned well what *it* looks like from every crotch-crazy angle you can think of. So I should have known better . . . it shouldn't have stopped me.

But that's just what she did. She stopped me flat.

I just stared at her, sitting there in the afternoon, with the sun feeble overhead, and the bench cool and green under her round bottom, and the skirt up just a bit so I could see her knees didn't show bones, but were smooth and firm and flesh-colored.

She was something like I'd never seen before. She was the answer to every cheesecaker's dream. This girl was the bitter end with atomic soapsuds.

She just looked like she wanted to lay down on the grass.

With me. With the Good Humor Man. With the park attendant. With anybody.

You've probably seen pictures in magazines of girls like that. They just look more natural prone than vertical. They seem to be saying with their eyes and their mouth and the line of their body, "Let me lie down . . . I want to be horizontal." Well, she was like that, only more so, only much more so. She looked . . . well . . . the only word I could come up with was *hungry*. Yeah, that was it, *hungry*. She looked like she hadn't had a certain kind of meal in a helluva long time. And the way she kept wetting her full lips with her tongue-tip, the way she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs so high up I could see her stocking-tops, the way she kept squeezing her thighs together, I knew damned well the meal she wanted wasn't pork chops and corn fritters.

She was about five-foot-six, with hair that sent back the weak rays of the sun in a brilliant red explosion. Her hair wasn't the brassy, carroty red so many women think is hotcha; it was a delicate sort of amber, with highlights of black and streakers of deep crimson in it. It was hair that came down around her shoulders, and which she tossed out of her face with an eloquent twist of her shoulders.

I couldn't see what color her eyes were, because they were closed. She was sitting there with her hands in her lap, and her head tossed back and to the side slightly, as though she was sleeping.

It was a nippy day, and yet she wore no coat. She had on a dark charcoal skirt and an angora sweater that stopped short on her upper arms. She must have been chilly as hell, but she wasn't shivering.

I was glad she hadn't worn that coat, because it gave me an uninterrupted view of her body. Now ordinarily, in most women, no mater how skimpy or thin the clothing, there's still a portion of the anatomy you can't quite shape out in your mind. The under-breasts, the joint of the legs, the slide of the belly to the hips. But this girl was the next best thing to naked. Voluptuous. That was another word for her. Hungrily voluptuous. Voluptuously hungry. Either way, I could see the sharp molding of her breasts as they strained against the woolly front of the sweater. I could see the sharp lines of indentation as the legs raced up to wide, rounded thighs, and plunged out of sight beneath her stomach. I could see her all, all of her, and it made me dizzy.

Have you ever experienced anything comparable? A roller coaster, doing forty push-ups, running a mile and a half in five minutes? All of them and others. This girl was the original Circe, the dyed-in-the-wood siren. She was it on a pogo-stick.

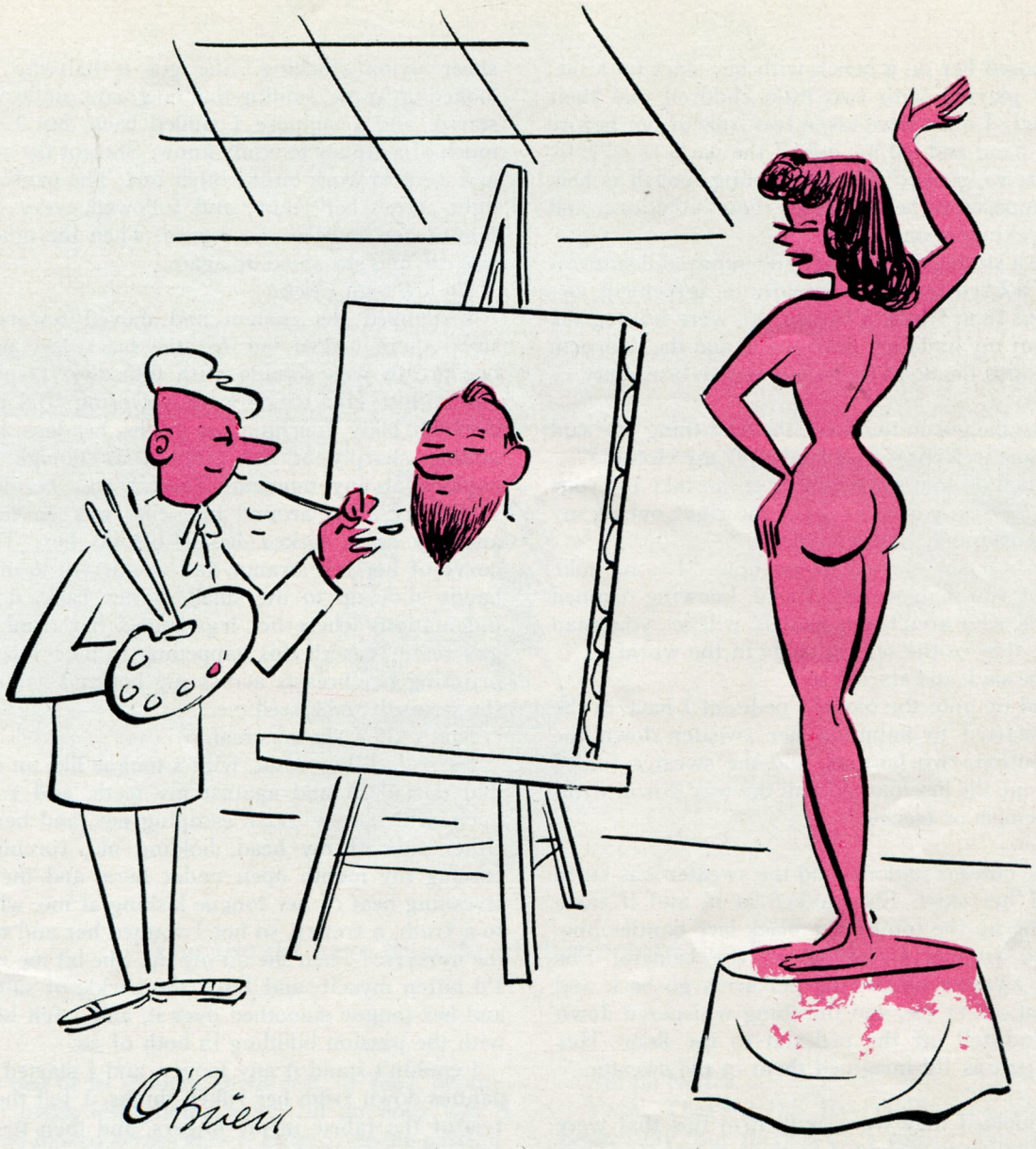
I *had* to pose her.

I'm not bashful around girls—my studio apartment has resounded long and loud to the outraged squeals of outraged models—but there was something about her that made me walk softly, on the balls of my feet, toward her.

Almost as though I'd tripped an electric eye as I approached, she sat up, and stared at me openly. I was stopped cold again. Her eyes were the most fantastic things I'd ever seen. They were like the first movement of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Le Coq D'or* transposed from sound to solid. They were like two green-hot chunks of emerald, bathed by the heat of an exploding sun, and smoldering, smoldering, smoldering. They were all the invitations and all the ecstasies and all the open damnation of a woman who wants to make love no matter what the cost. They were alone in their category. They were more than merely eyes. Eyes see . . . these spoke.

"Hello," she said.

The voice couldn't have been more right for her, had it been taped and recorded in the 30th Street studios of Columbia Records, with all the accoustical tricks of an echo chamber, built into her vocal cords. The voice came out at me and cracked me across the mouth. When that girl said hello, so help me God, I bit my lip.



I felt the saltiness of blood in my mouth, and it didn't bother me, because she licked her lips just then. Red and large, as though someone had belted her in the chops with a croquet mallet.

"Hi . . . I'm, uh, my name is Paul Shores. I'm a, uh, photographer, and I'm, uh, I was watching you. Has anyone ever—"

She smiled, and it was the oddest smile I'd ever seen; working up from one corner of her very red mouth, and abruptly splitting at me, showing two rows of perfectly white teeth, with the little canines peeking out sharp and pointy. The smile brought two spots of color to her cheeks, and they looked almost unnatural in the setting of fine alabaster flesh. Her face was a study-composite in red and pale pink. The kind of complexion they meant when they said peaches-and-cream, with none of the sick appearance of soggy peaches.

She finished my sentence for me: "Has anyone ever told me I was pretty enough to model? Yes, Mr. Shores, any number of times, and any number of people."

The smile continued, as though she were mocking me, and I was so embarrassed I turned to leave, without even excusing myself.

I got one step away, and I felt her hand slip through my arm. "I'd love to pose for you," she said, and I looked down at her.

She was serious, godammit! Absolutely serious about posing for a total stranger.

"But why?" I asked. "You don't know me from Ad—"

"Adam was much fatter than you," she replied, a pixie-ish grin superseding the smile, "and besides, I think I can trust you. Any man who can afford a Leica surely doesn't have to pick up girls in the park."

I was surprised that she recognized my camera, and even more surprised at her logic, which oddly enough sounded logical.

So we were off. In a little while most of my tongue-tootled attitude wore off, and I found I could speak almost coherently. I posed her in front of a statue of

(*turn over*)

Pulaski; I posed her on a bench with her skirt up a bit; I posed her playing with two little children and their bastard-hound; I must have taken two rolls of her before she took my hand and led me out of the park.

"Where are we going?" I asked, feeling foolish as hell. A man is supposed to be master of these situations, and I felt like a Pekingese on a leash.

"You have a studio, don't you?" she inquired demurely.

I guess I bobbed my head stupidly in agreement, because the next time I took a breath, we were leaving the cab in front of my building, downtown, and the doorman was holding open the door for us, staring to beat sixty.

The minute she got in the door, the first thing she said was, "My name is Nedra. Can I take off my clothes?"

What the hell do you say? Sure you can take off your clothes. Feel perfectly free to drive me right out of my ever-lovin' ga-ga mind, Nedra baby.

So she did. Or she started to, anyhow. "Let me take some snaps of you undressing," I said, knowing damned well few girls who aren't pro models will let you snap flix like that: they're the sexiest shots in the world.

"Okay," she said, and started in.

She stepped up onto the model's pedestal I have in the studio, and started to unbutton her sweater down the front. One button, two buttons, and the sweater folded back to show me the luscious skin all the way down, without mar or blemish or freckle.

Click!

She had the buttons undone, and the sweater was stuck in the top of her skirt. She yanked at it, and it came loose, dragging up the top of her black lace panties, too. My eyes had trouble focussing on the camera. She shrugged the sweater off, letting her arms go back and her breasts jut out at me, and the thing whispered down behind her and fell off the pedestal to the floor. Her breasts were just as I'd imagined them in the sweater.

Click!

High and molded they were, with firm tips that were pink and only slightly wrinkled in their tenseness. They were large and round, and they stayed where they were. But then, they must have been where they were all the time, because, you see, she didn't have on a brassiere. She let her hands start low on her sides and slide up her torso, curving around till they were pressed firmly and deeply into the flesh of her breasts. Then she squeezed them together till they looked like two huge white grapes about to burst. Her arms came away, and the breasts shivered slightly, stayed where they were. Then she unfastened the catch on the side of the skirt.

Click!

I watched the skirt as she unzippered it, and then when it passed out of my line of sight, I watched the trim expanse of white belly and curving hips and tight panties and bare, beautiful flesh between the garterstraps and the length of dowel-round thigh above her stocking-tops. I watched them, and the thought that this girl was going a lot further than was expected just for a little modeling, hit me right in the head. Was she a nympho, who let every guy pick her up? Was she a psycho? What was the score? She undid the garters.

Click!

Then she sat down, lifting her leg high to roll down the sheer nylon stocking. She got it halfway down, and looked up at me, smiling that enigmatic smile again. I just stared, and I suppose I smiled back, but I was in too much of a stupor to really know. She got the stocking off, and went to work on the other one. The panties stretched tight across her rump, and followed every crevice and line of her body as she moved. Then the other stocking was off, and she stood up again.

To hell with Click!

I dumped the camera and moved toward her. She stood there, naked but for the black lace panties, and her breath was coming with difficulty, rasping in and out faintly. Her hands were quivering, and they moved over her body, touching her thighs, her legs, her breasts, pulling sharply at the nipples, as though she might explode at any moment. Then I was beside her, and I slid my arms around her. She was on the pedestal, and my arms locked hands behind her. The smooth curve of her felt strange and wonderful to me. I let my hands slide up to the small of her back, down to the indentations where her legs joined her trunk. Was this girl real? Was all this happening to me? Then she bent, brushing her breasts across my hot and flaming face as she stooped, and kissed me.

And I knew she was real.

As real as they come, with a tongue like an electric eel, that darted in and against my teeth, and forced them open, with a tiny moan escaping her, and her hands on either side of my head, holding me, forcing, forcing, forcing my mouth open under hers, and then the wild streaking heat of her tongue lashing at me, whipping me to a froth, a frenzy, so hot I wanted her and to hell with the universe! Then she bit my lip. She bit me right where I'd bitten myself, and I felt the trickle of salty warmth, and her tongue smoothed over it, and I felt her shudder with the passion building in both of us.

I couldn't stand it any longer, and I started to roll the panties down from her silken thighs. I felt the soft, rich feel of the fabric in my fingers, and then there was no fabric any more. Just the heady scent of her body, and the feel of flesh under my hands.

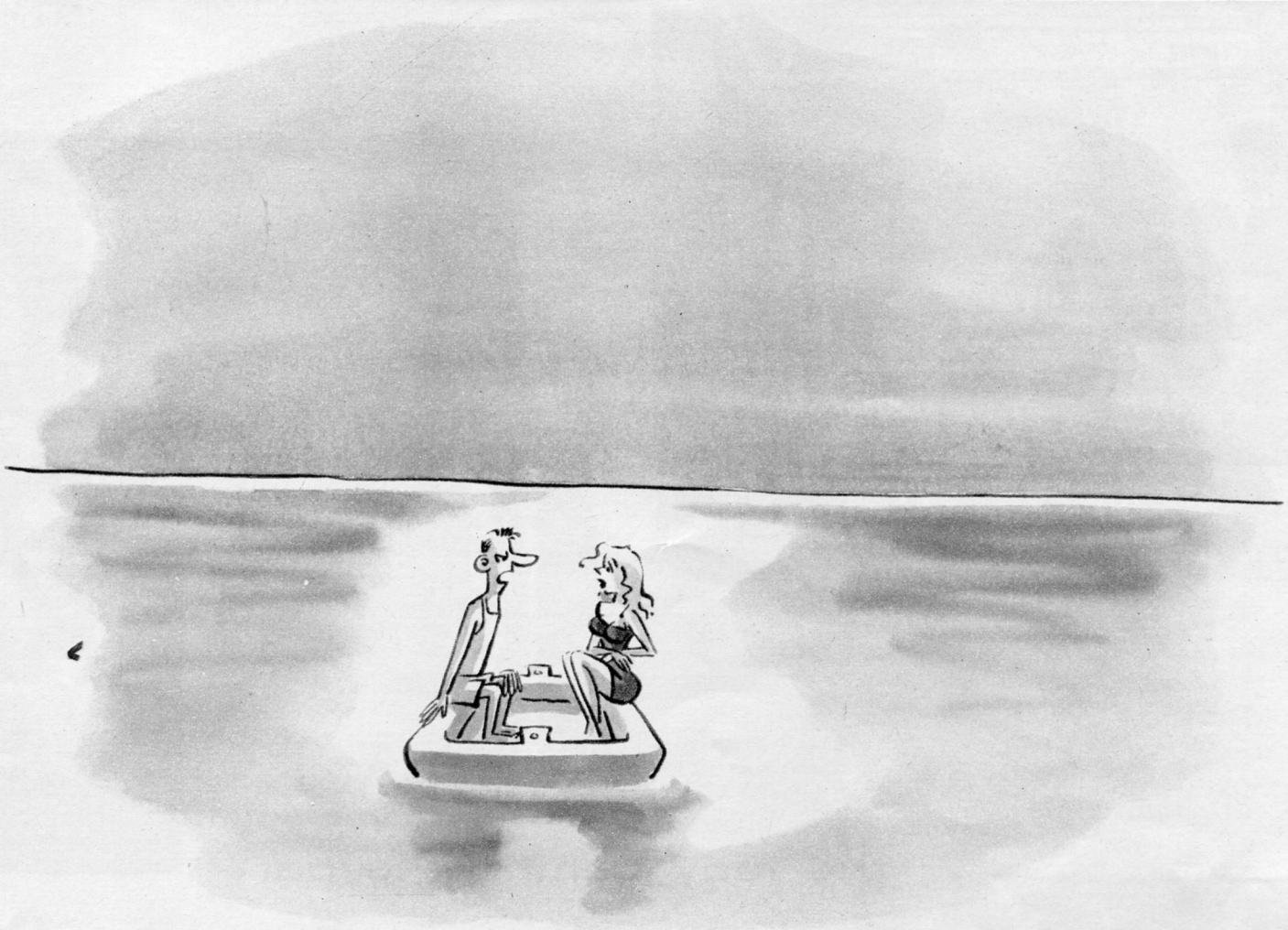
"Take me, take me . . . Paul, please, now!" she whispered in my ear, moist and warm as a cavern beneath the sea. I stood up, from where I'd slumped against the pedestal, and let my hand slide under her legs at the knees. The other behind her back, turning her to me, lifting her, cradling her in my arms so her breasts were two hot, tiny points against my chest.

Then we were in the bedroom, and she was on the white sheets, whiter than they could ever hope to be, with that flame hair and those hell-green eyes staring at me, inviting me, telling me of the pleasures and the agonies and the approach of the passion.

I don't know how I undressed, but in an instant my fevered lips were on her navel, on her thighs, then not on her thighs, then on her breasts, and she was writhing beneath me with an irregular, twisting motion that ate at my insides.

Without movement, without time, without the feeling of penetration, it was done, and we were heaving atop one another, her screams dying stillborn, and her hands scraping terribly at my back.

My God! It was unbelievable.



"You should have thought of that before the ship sank!"

Neither one of us thought about rest, or food, or anything else, much less photography, till an hour ago. I woke up and looked across at her. Even after the passion-effort I'd expended, and the fatigue coursing through me, she still looked untouched and magnificent. Her hair an amber aurora sprayed out across the rumpled pillow. Her eyes closed, and her breath shallow. I felt weak in every muscle, every joint. My back was ripped from the sharpness of her nails, and my lips were raw. It had been unlike any other orgy I'd ever been spirited into. It had been so unlike any other thing I knew, I couldn't let her go. I had to have Nedra around all the time.

My work would suffer, but what the hell did I care!

I lay there for a few minutes, and then the excitement of those films I'd taken earlier sent me out of bed. I grabbed my bathrobe and got the rolls of film from my case, flipped the last one out of the camera, and made for the darkroom.

They developed nicely, and they were clear as hell. Some of the best shots I've ever taken. I'm standing here looking at them now.

There's just one thing wrong with them. It must be a trick of the light, or something . . . or something . . .

But here are the pictures I took in the Park. Here's the fountain, and the two children with the hound, and the bench, and the trees and the sky and the river and the grass, and everything . . .

But no Nedra.

Yeah. That's right. Everything else was filmed out beautifully, but there isn't a sign of her on any of the squares. I've got the pedestal, and the backdrop and the apartment and the shadows, but no shadow of Nedra. In fact, no Nedra at all.

But she's no figment of my imagination. That's for sure. A girl with a horizontal mind like that *couldn't* be imaginary. I just don't believe in anything like that.

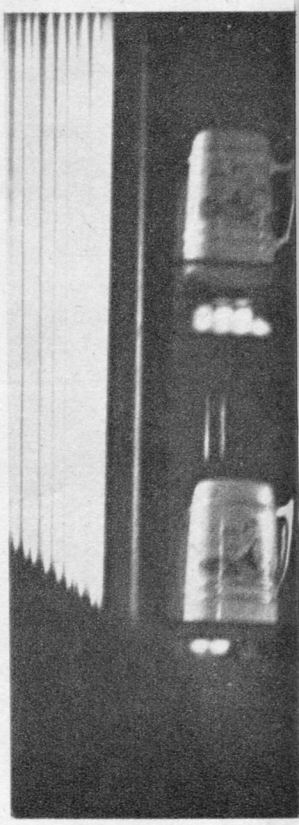
Well, when she wakes up, I'll go in and just ask her what she's . . . oh, hi!

I was just coming in to waken you. Say, look at these crazy pix I shot of you today. Aren't they screwy? You just didn't photograph through. You know, I was thinking all sorts of crazy stuff, and listen to this, this is the craziest thing yet.

I started to think, and the only kind of person I could think of that doesn't reflect in a mirror, or who won't show up on a photo . . . now I know it's crazy, it must have just been the light or something, but . . . gee, your teeth certainly are odd-looking.

Well, anyhow, like I was going to say, the only kind of person I can think of who doesn't reflect in a mirror or on a plate is a vamp . . .

Nedra!



the lady behind the bar

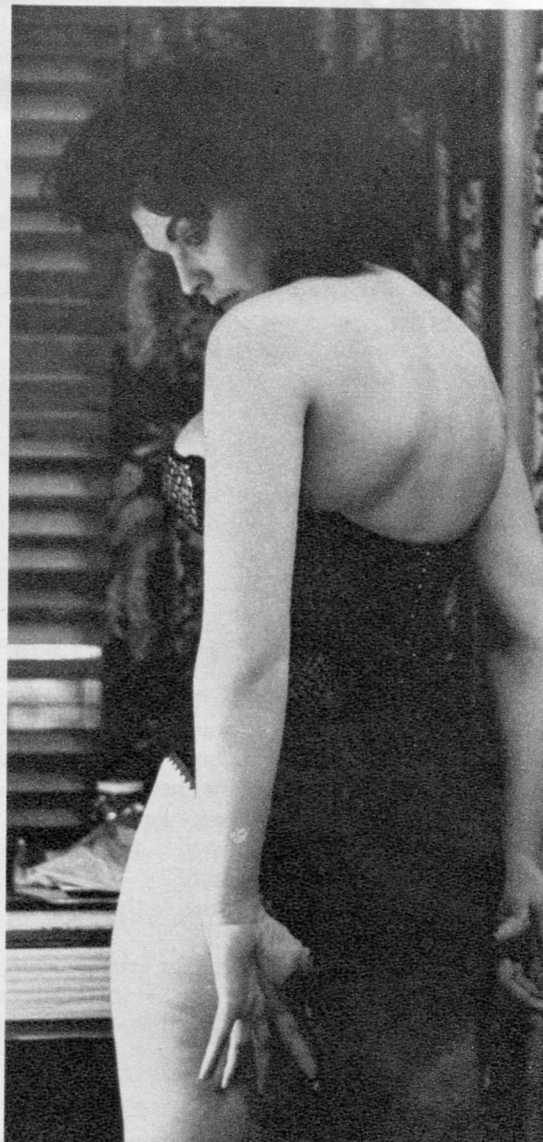
Vivacious Dolores Naples' adept drink-mixing is one of Gotham's nicest sights

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANZ ECK

What does a beautiful young thing do with herself when she's too voluptuously proportioned to be a fashion model, afraid to be a stripteaser, can't sing well, yet wants a New York career? Dolores Naples had an answer: she became a bartender.

Less than a year ago Dolores left her home town in upstate New York, with a headful of dreams, a body-ful of beauty, and a memory crammed with recipes for plain and fancy drinks. Gotham has been good to her so far. She lives alone in a midtown hotel, sometimes lonely in her new life, oftener happy with her new-found friends and her hobbies (a good game of poker, reading detective stories, cooking fancy meals).

Most of her evenings are spent on the job. Constantly under the surveillance of admiring eyes, she nevertheless manages to have a lot of fun, enjoys mixing unusual drinks such as a Russian Lullaby (three parts vodka, one part creme de cacao). Her own favorite drink? Scotch. Ambitions: marriage, perhaps—but Dolores is in no hurry. She likes musicians and artists for company —and New York is full of them.



SARAH GETS RELIGION

(*continued from page* 11)

"Not in this house," he said firmly. "We got only one bed."

"Hmm." The preacher's face clouded.

Sarah said, "There's only one thing to do, Reverend. We gotta all get in one bed like we is one."

The preacher sniffed. "I'm afeerd the Lord is gonna think that's a mite crowded."

"Makes no difference," Sarah said. "With Luke it's got to be that way. He don't give up his bed for the Lord or nobody."

The preacher considered her words, and then he sighed deeply and stood up. "All right, Sister. If it has to be that way. . ."

Sarah put out the lamp on the table and walked with the preacher into the bedroom. Pushing away from the table, Luke weaved after them. He stopped in the doorway and peered intently into the room. The moon shone through a open window and he saw Sarah and the preacher standing close together. It was a moment before he realized they were disrobing.

"Reverend!" he said, lurching into the room. "Sarah don't have to be nekkid to get religion, does she?"

"It's the only way, Brother."

The preacher took Sarah's arm then and guided her to the bed. A moment later Luke, fully clothed, joined them. Sarah was flat on her back in the middle of the bed, the preacher beside her. Luke sat on the edge of the bed, looking down at them, and then his head found the pillow.

The preacher's voice came to him. "Brother, you got to keep your eyes on that wall across the room."

"But I cain't see . . ."

"It's not for you to see."

Luke felt the bed move. And then he heard the preacher's voice again. "Here, give me your hand, Sister."

Sarah took a deep breath. "Gawd!"

"That's the Lord, Sister."

"That's the most Lord I ever did feel!"

"He's comin' to you soon."

"I ain't sure I can wait."

"Patience, Sister. Patience."

Luke lay on the bed in the still darkness, straining his ears for any sound. All he could hear was the deep, rasping breathing behind him. He felt a strange excitement. Was the Lord really coming to Sarah? He wasn't sure how much longer he could wait for something to happen. He started to turn over, but the preacher said, "Quiet, Brother."

Luke scratched himself. "You feelin' anythin,' Sarah?"

Sarah turned up on her side and pressed her breasts against the preacher's chest. "I never felt so much in my life," she said in a husky voice.

"Silence," the preacher whispered loudly. "The Lord is comin' to this woman."

"Is that right, Sarah? Is that . . ."

"Gawd, I never . . ."

"Silence!" the preacher cried.

Luke stared wide-eyed into the dark, tight and somehow a little afraid. What was happening to Sarah? Did the preacher know. . . Luke gripped the edge of the bed. The bed was moving. Gawd, what was. . . He got up on one elbow and twisted around. The bed stopped moving.

"The bed's shakin'," Luke said. "What's . . ."

"It's the Lord coming to this woman," the preacher said sharply. "Brother, you got to git out of this room."

"But this is my bed!" Luke said.

"The Lord needs room if this woman is to get her just due, Brother. She's been so long without religion it's just naturally movin' her a heap."

Luke sat up in the bed.

"Leave us, Brother. Leave us!"

"Well, by Gawd . . ."

"Leave us!"

Luke got out of the bed then and, without looking down at his wife and the preacher, he weaved out of the room. He went to the front door of the shack and folded down to the floor.

By Gawd, it was somethun when a man had to leave his own bed . . . even for the Lord, he thought bitterly.

The sun was hot in his face when he awoke. He stretched out on the floor, flexing his arms and legs, and then he got up and went into the bedroom. Sarah was sitting on the edge of the bed; she was naked. The preacher was buttoning his shirt. His face was a dirty gray color, and his fingers were shaking as they worked with his shirt. He's ailin', Luke thought. He stared at Sarah. She didn't look different. Maybe the religion didn't catch.

Sarah stood up, lifted a dress over her head, and walked past Luke into the kitchen. He followed her and sat down at the table. A moment later, the preacher came out of the bedroom and went straight toward the front door.

Luke stared after him. "Where you goin', Reverend? We got vittals comin'."

The preacher turned around in the doorway. "I thank you, Brother," he said weakly, "but I just don't rightly figure I could eat."

Luke looked at him closely, "You ailin'?"

"N-no. T'ain't that, but . . ."

Sarah interrupted. "It'd please me right to death, Reverend, if you would come back tonight. I don't think I got all the religion I need."

"Another night, Sister. Another night," the preacher said, taking a step out on the porch. "When the Lord is with me strong again."

Luke watched the preacher walk off the porch, get in the Model A Ford, and drive out of the yard. He shook his head. It shore was funny the way the Reverend acted, he thought. Like he was in a great hurry. He looked at his wife. "Sarah, I got to know one thing. Did you really get religion?"

She smiled down at him. "The most I ever had."

Luke shook his head. "I don't know. You takin' to religion all of a sudden . . . somehow it just don't seem right. Why, when Reverend Sam was alive and round these parts, I never did see you cotton to him like . . ."

"You forgettin' one thing," Sarah interrupted with a tiny smile. "Reverend Sam was eighty-three years old."

"COFFEE BREAK!"

LIFE IN A TURKEY HAREM

(*continued from page* 38)

their beards grow longer and their croaking, adolescent voices change.

In the winter season, when the birds are divided into three societies, the hunter's best technique is to lie in wait for them along some prescribed "turkey walk," or to flush and scatter a drove of bachelors, then fake their juvenile croaks—or even the cries of their mother—to bring them to his gun. But it is in April, when the spring shoots and impulses begin to rise, that both turkey life and turkey hunting become gaudy sex plots. Jealousy begins to flare again among the old men at the "club," who have been so dully compatible when there was nothing better to do than molt, rather shabbily, or pluck berries and chase grasshoppers together. The old gobblers are now in their prime of flesh and feather. Their magnificent coats of metallic bronze shine in the sunlight. Their purplish-blue crowns take on a haughty mien, their arrogant hazel eyes a hostile look. Vicious battles take place as one would-be sultan encounters another with the same dreams of glory.

Gobbler fights are terrible and bloody. Their wattles glow red with anger as they attempt to fell each other with repeated blows of their spurs or pull each other's heads off. And when, finally, the contender for an area has no more challengers, he utters a shrill victory gobble that causes the forest to tremble and announces himself undisputed sultan over all he surveys. He is free now to collect all the concubines that his amorous strutting and gobbling can summon to his court.

If this is a delightful time for the sultan, it is a miserable one for his inferior male minions. The prestige-minded hens, all social climbers, invariably scorn the advances of younger, less affluent gobblers, and rush to the nearest bearded patriarch who offers them his royal favor.

The lechery of the sultan is so great that he makes it almost impossible for any other gobbler, young or old, in his court to find even a single mate. In a fair-sized harem there may be more than a dozen hens to be wooed every day. Small wonder that the monarch is too busy to eat or think of his hunger, and for this reason Nature provides him with a large storehouse of emergency energy, a fatty growth on his chest known as the "breast sponge." This not only sustains him through the exhausting demands of the love fiesta but allows him to thrust out his chest more impressively. Even so, it is not astonishing that the sultan is inclined to grow thin and haggard in the two months of his prodigious amours.

Bachelor birds grow thin for different reasons: nervous indigestion and frustration. They gawk disconsolately about, making timid and unrewarded attempts to find and woo some unparticular hen. There aren't any. Naturally, these clumsy lads are easy prey for the human "hen," the hunter who can toss an encouragingly seductive mating call their way. Most novice hunters kill not the wary old gobbler, but these eager and blundering young "schoolboys" weighing from fifteen to nineteen pounds.

Or, if they bag a weighty old turkey with a long beard, the chances are it is a "hermit," an unenviable oldster not bold enough or strong enough to become a sultan. Hermits mope around the countryside in search of such random favors as they eternally continue to hope for. Some, unable to succeed at the wild life, pay court to the domestic hens of farmers. For even the weakest wild turkeys can usually make short work of the softer, out-of-condition tame gobblers defending barnyard flocks.

Some wags swear that the wild sultan even barbers the beards of males that intrude on his court. This, fortunately, is not true, but it is about the only humiliation inferiors are spared in the love season. The "shaving" theory has its basis in the fact that most ancient gobblers have sleek black beards so long that they step on them and make them ragged, while the beards of gobblers under three years old are embarrassingly ugly, ratty and short. After three, when beards turn black and long and the young gobbler attains a weight of nineteen to twenty-two pounds, it is impossible to distinguish him from the ancients. It's believed that a strong turkey may remain a sultan for twenty or twenty-five years and that some are practically immortal.

But even in the season of love and bliss the old mogul has his problems. The most detestable one to him is rain, for when it is raining a gobbler can't strut without getting wet and ragged, and he becomes almost inconsolable. More seriously, the same gobble that summons his hens to his side also summons hunters from miles around to reach for a gun and come after his head.

It was such a call that had brought my guide Darly Hines and me to the wooded outer halls of one turkey sultan's harem last April, as we crouched waiting to prey upon that egoist's chief weakness, his sex-vanity.

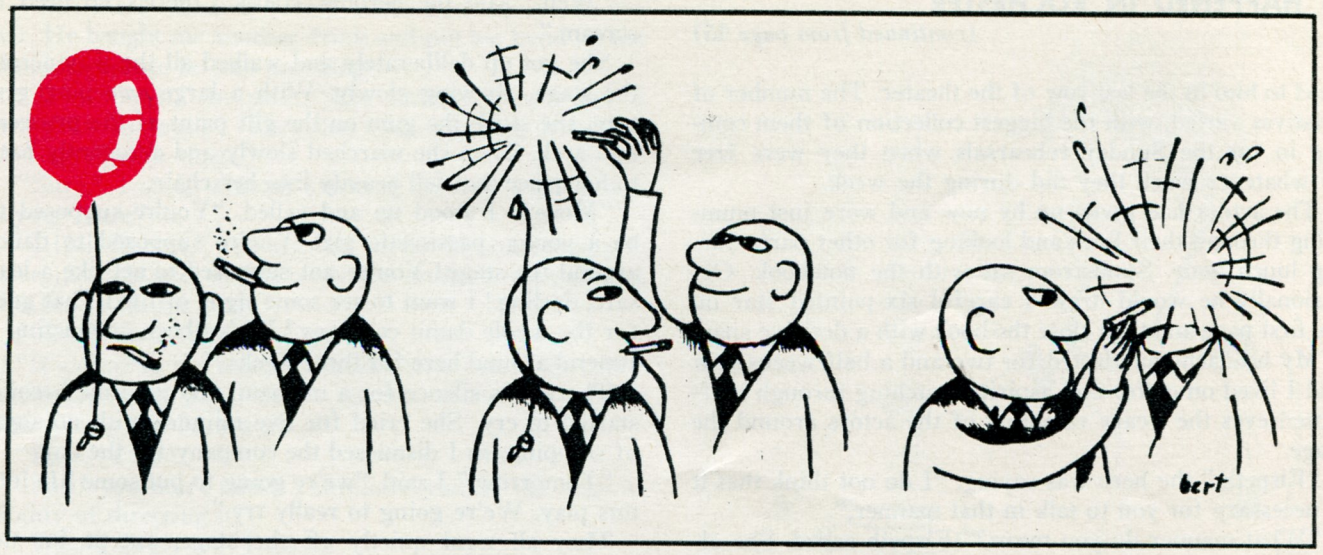
Darly produced a bit of slate and a small, oblong cypress calling-box half as big as his leathery palm, and I readied my .12 gauge double. There are many ways to utter a seductive hen cry. Some conspirators do it with a piece of slate and chalk, some with various mouth-callers ranging from leaves to bits of rubber, and some with whistles fashioned, treacherously enough, from the hen's own wing-bone. Darly was a box-calling man. "I don't pay this caller much 'tention myself," he said in his high, nasal twang. "Only turkeys pay it 'tention."

From the caller came one faint, coy cluck, made with a downward stroke of the slate against the box. *Queet, queet . . . cuiok.* From his high perch in the pine one hundred fifty yards away, where he had roosted the night before, our gobbler answered with instant enthusiasm. *Gil-obble-obble-obble!* Then there was a low, drumming *bruu-vroom,* which Darly said was the sultan's outspread wings scraping on the limb where he danced in excited anticipation. A few minutes of quiet before another gobble.

"He's flown down now," Darly interpreted. "He's sailed to the ground to strut and make hisself attractive to us, being's he thinks we're a hen. He thinks we're coming to him like he's accustomed for his hens to do . . . but we ain't."

Fifteen minutes passed and from the woods no sound. Yet Darly sat as still and silent as if he were painted against the oak's trunk. At my questioning look, he explained the trick of psychology without which few proud, wary sultans would ever be bagged.

"An old gobbler ain't interested in any hussy hen that's



anxious-like and screaming for him," he said. "He's got dozens of those. But let him hear an indifferent female, one that don't sound like she cares whether he lives or dies, and it drives him crazy. He can't stand it. He's just got to come and see what kind of hen it is that can resist him. It's the indifferent hen that gets the gobbler!"

At the moment, I took this stratagem for one of Darly's own colorful personal inventions. Later, I found it to be the prize maneuver of all turkey hunting experts, including those great reporters of bountiful turkey days, Edward A. McIlhenny and Simon W. Everitt.

Ten more minutes went by before Darly made another call, a sort of high-pitched, screeching-beseeching cry loaded with coquetry and seduction. *Keow, keow, kee, kee-ee!*

"Oh, oh," he said, when there was no answer. "Is the gobbler gone?" I asked. "No, sir," said Darly. "The gobbler *ain't* gone. He's busy. When a turkey don't gobble for half an hour and don't answer a call like that, it can mean just one thing—He's got a real hen with him."

"Well?"

"Just wait," Darly said. "It's time now to be indifferent." For another quarter of an hour we waited "indifferently" while the woods grew brighter and warmer and the mosquitoes dined on us. When our turkey began gobbling again, Darly directed his whispered remarks not to me but to it:

"Oh, yeah, now. You're rid of that hen now and you're wondering where this one's at. But we ain't gonna tell you, brother, because one more word out of us and you'll be so sure we're interested in you, you'll stand right there waiting and strutting in one spot for another two hours. Well, this is a different sort of hen, brother—one that's scorning you, moving away from you, you think. And if you can stand that, then you ain't much of a turkey sultan."

Suddenly, seemingly hours later, something moved up ahead of us. It was our gobbler. He had stepped out into a logging road not fifty yards away. I congealed. My heart suspended action. He was marching straight toward us, the acme of royal arrogance. He was one of the truly wild ones, of the pure bronze-and-blue Eastern strain, whose blood had never been contaminated by the tame white-wing-tipped Mexican strain of turkey. His head was held so high over his bulging chest that it nearly touched the circular fan of his tail feathers thrust up to meet it. He was strutting like a drum major leading a victory parade—only no human male can strut with so much self-adoration and swagger. The sultan seemed to say to the puzzling "indifferent hen" in our brush-blind: "Well, I'm not looking for you, and I won't bother to notice you, of course . . . but where the hell are you?"

Just twenty five yards from us now . . . just twenty. I sat in a state of hypnotized paralysis.

"Shoot him!" Darly yelled.

I sprang up and fired. But my stiff legs had failed me on the jump-up and at the same instant, the gobbler had side-stepped my shot. He had whirled and, being what the Encyclopedia calls "an eminently terrestrial bird . . . swift of foot," was sprinting away at an eminently amazing speed. I pulled the second barrel. No, too late! He'd gotten a bush on me! The great bird's feet cleared the ground; his wings thrashed frantically, and he was airborne, fast receding through the trees.

"He flewed off," Darly said woefully. "He flewed off small-pine-top high!"

Impossible as it seems, I, a fairly good shot under normal circumstances, had missed an almost "un-missably" big object at point-blank range. I had also missed the best chance any spurious "hen" ever had to bag a twenty-pound turkey sultan.

Why? The term "buck fever," which describes the usual nervous agitation suffered by green hunters, is quite inadequate. The fact is that the wild, regal majesty of that giant bird had awed and thrilled me into a state of complete discombooberation, if not temporary hypnosis!

This spring it's going to be different. If a gobbler comes stalking up to me again, I'm going to try to have the wits to remember that I'm a hunter with a shotgun, not a subject, indifferent or otherwise, in his royal palace. And next time I'm going to shoot before having the urge to tip my hat first—as I did last April—to America's greatest sultan and lover.

IT HAPPENED IN ROCHESTER

(*continued from page* 45)

next to him in the last row of the theater. The number of relatives varied, with the biggest collection of them coming in for the Sunday rehearsals when they were free of whatever work they did during the week.

The actors had given up by now and were just mumbling through their lines and looking for other parts during lunch hour. Sundstrom sat with the notebook. Occasionally he would draw a careful six-pointed star on the first page and then close the book with a decisive snap.

My headache had lasted for two and a half weeks now and I lived on coffee and aspirin, watching through half-closed eyes the weary rambling of the actors around the stage.

"Elspeth," the hero was saying, "I do not think that it is necessary for you to talk in that manner."

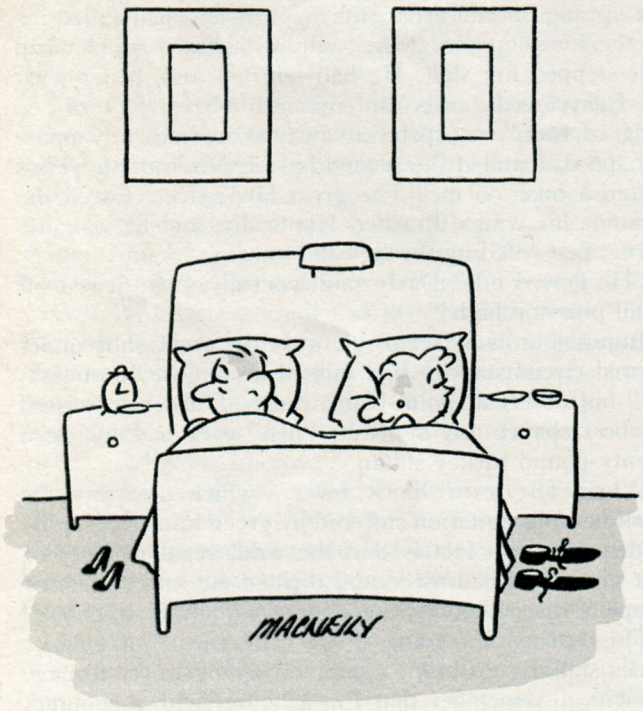
"What manner do you mean?" Elspeth asked. She always sat down on this line as though she had been out for five nights steadily before it.

"You know what manner I mean," the hero said.

"I do not understand you," said Elspeth. She was chewing gum. Suddenly I couldn't bear the fact that she was chewing gum.

"Please, for the love of God," I shouted, "throw that gum away!"

There was a hush in the theater. It was the first time a voice had been raised in all three weeks.



"Well," said the heroine, coldly, "there's no need to scream."

She got up deliberately and walked all the way across the stage, chewing slowly. With a large sweeping gesture, she stuck the gum on the gilt paint of the proscenium arch. Then she marched slowly and arrogantly back to her place and fell heavily into her chair.

"Move!" I stood up and yelled. "You're supposed to be a young, passionate girl. You're supposed to dance around the stage! You're not supposed to act like a lead safe, darling! I want to see some signs of life! That goes for the whole damn company! We've been conducting a funeral around here for three weeks!"

There was silence for a moment, and then the heroine started to cry. She cried for five minutes with no signs of stopping, so I dismissed the company for the day.

"Tomorrow," I said, "we're going to put some life into this play. We're going to really try."

They all went quietly off the stage, except for the heroine, who was still crying as loudly as ever.

"Now, Robert." It was Mr. Sundstrom behind me, with Mrs. Sundstrom right next to him. "Was that absolutely necessary, Robert?"

I looked at them, standing there, puzzled, neatly dressed for Sunday, and I felt like crying, too.

"I wanted to make it move a little faster, Mr. Sundstrom," I said gently. "It's been pretty dead up there."

"We don't think so," Sundstrom said, tapping his wrist with the notebook in which he had not entered one suggestion in three weeks. "We think it's very nice."

"My family thinks it's wonderful," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "And they've been watching for three weeks now."

"It's not wonderful," I said, wanting to help them, to save them. "I think you and I ought to sit down tonight, Mr. Sundstrom, and map out a complete job of rewriting."

"Now, Robert . . ." Sundstrom began, his little-boy face wrinkling up.

"We start with the first act," I said, talking fast, to get it over with, to make the last desperate attempt as easy and as quick as possible, "and we go right through to the third act. We work mostly on the character of Elspeth. She's on the stage all the time, and we've got to make her talk like a human being . . ."

"But that's the way she talked," Sundstrom said. "I knew her for five years and that's the way she talked."

"It's very natural talk," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"It's terrible, Mr. Sundstrom," I said, being cruel, hoping to save him. "If you leave it this way we're all completely sunk."

"That's what you honestly think, Robert?" he asked.

"That's what I honestly think." I sat down suddenly on the arm of one of the aisle chairs.

"I thought about this play for twenty years," Sundstrom said, his hands going over his eyes, forty-five years old. "It's the absolute truth."

"I think we ought to talk it over with Momma and the boys," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"You don't mind?" Sundstrom asked me.

"No," I said. "I'll be across the street in the bar."

I walked up the aisle, past the fifteen Sundstroms, who had been listening intently. They watched me silently as I went out.

I had three whiskies before Sundstrom came into the bar. He bought me another drink and put his hand on my shoulder before he said anything.

"They like it," he said. "The family. They think it will draw the public. They don't see anything wrong in it. I agree with them."

"Sure," I said, without knowing exactly what I was saying "sure" to.

"I feel, Robert," he went on, "in the light of what you have just told me, that you are not quite in sympathy at this time with the play."

I shook the ice in my glass.

"It's clear to me now," he said, "that you don't really understand this play. That's natural, Robert. You're a little young for such a play."

"Sure," I said.

"So if you don't mind, I'll relieve you of the responsibility of directing it."

"Who'll direct it?" I asked.

"I will," he said. "After all, it happened to me. I ought to know how it happened."

"Uhuh," I said, remembering the notebook empty of all notes. "I'll give you back as much money as I have left."

"Half," Sundstrom said. "We talked it over and we decided that you should get half your pay. Is that fair?"

"Sure," I said. "Well, I hope *It Happened in Rochester* wins the Pulitzer Prize."

"Thank you, Robert. Come and visit us in New Jersey."

"I will." I waved to him and he went back to the theater to his family and his wife's family and the leading lady who sat down like a lead safe and to the play he had thought of writing for twenty years.

I stayed at the bar.

The reviews were very bad. The *Times* said: *"It Happened in Rochester* opened last night at the Jackson Theater. It was written, produced and directed by Leon Sundstrom." That was all it said. It was the kindest review.

I didn't go to see it and I didn't see Sundstrom until two weeks later. He was walking along Broadway, very slowly, like an old man. He hadn't shaved and I noticed with surprise that his beard was gray. He had two advertising sandwich boards strapped on him.

"See *It Happened in Rochester*" the boards read. "It Is an Absolutely True Story. Now Playing at the Jackson Theater."

He saw me and I had to stop.

"Hello, Robert," he said, without smiling.

"Hello," I said.

"Do you think this'll help, Robert?" he asked.

"What?"

"These signs. Will it bring people to the theater? Will it help them understand that this is a real true story?"

"Of course," I said.

"The critics didn't understand," he said, shaking his head, the last trace of the little boy gone. "They wrote about it as though it was impossible. I've written them. They won't believe that it actually happened to me. I could introduce them to the girl. She's married now and she has three children. In Rochester. Have you got a cigarette, Robert?"

"You can come out now, dear. He's gone."

I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him.

"I kept it running two weeks," he said. "Some people saw it. They liked it very much. They saw it was real life. Critics aren't people. It cost me eight thousand dollars to keep it running two weeks. I sold my house and my car." He sighed. "I thought word would get around that it was a real life story. I'm going to go back to juggling—if I can get a start. There's not much demand for jugglers these days and I'm not so steady any more. I would like to put enough aside so I could write another play." He never smiled, not once. "Could you lend me two or three cigarettes, Robert?"

I gave him my pack.

"Why don't you come and see the play?" he asked. "I'll get you in for nothing."

"Thanks."

"That's all right. You better come tonight. It's closing tonight. I haven't got any more money to keep it going any more, and the family chipped in as much as they had." He sighed. "I guess I don't understand the theater," he said. "Well, I like to keep moving. I like to give as many people as I can a look at this sign."

"That's a good idea," I said.

"It's not a bad sign, is it?"

"It's a very good sign."

"It's the truth," he said, and walked off, up Broadway, shifting the shoulder straps.

I haven't found another job yet.

NEW YORK'S NEW WOMAN

(*continued from page* 51)

big blue eyes and a determined mouth. She rented this warehouse loft as casually as if it were a furnished apartment on Sutton Place, and with the help of one or two friends, plunged in and suspended a couple of bamboo shades from the ceiling to divide the room's 100-foot sweep of space, and settled down to living the life of the *Downtown* Bohemian—a term which designates more a spiritual than a geographic difference in a city where, as the housing shortage continues, a true-blue Greenwich Villager like Jill may have to settle for Yorkville, the Upper West Side, or even the Lower East Side, while an "uptown" girl like Carol may find herself living as far downtown as Brooklyn Heights. Jill has a telephone in her loft, but it seldom rings. Like her friends (two extremely serious abstract painters with beards, a girl who fashions lamps out of old beer bottles and new tin, the arty owner of an arty bookshop on Christopher Street, and a Negro poet who used to be an office boy at *PM*), Jill cultivates the casual quality of her life. She scorns a regular job, refuses an allowance from her father—although he does come through now and then in a pinch—and earns money sporadically by working part-time in her friend's bookshop, or typing for a novelist she knows, or baby sitting. She keeps her vision pure, and occasionally even finds time in her casual life to write a casual story or poem, which she sends to the nonpaying literary quarterlies, and usually gets back. Her friends call her up in the middle of the night to ask if they can bring their bottle and come over, they're feeling so fine (she seldom refuses); or she meets them at her Village hangout, the San Remo—almost never by appointment, though there's an unspoken agreement that around ten or eleven at night at least some of her group will drop by.

Those "lesbian tendencies" that bother Carol so much no longer bother Jill Jamison at all. She got over them by having an affair with the girl who makes lamps out of bottles and not liking it very much (they're still good friends, however), so that now, although she buys half her clothing at an Army & Navy Store, and has her silky hair chopped short, she accepts her womanhood with resignation. She doesn't really like men very much either, in spite of the half-dozen half-hearted affairs she's had since the war. What she's after is a way of life: the chance to feel that she's in the avant-garde of the avant-garde, which is very avant-garde indeed, and a long way ahead of Carol.

Jill knows that most of the things Carol lives by are already old hat and really quite "bourgeois" in their acceptability. Kafka is boring rather than profound, Calder's mobiles and Henry Moore's sculpture are tiresome monstrosities, Freudian analysis is *passé* (even Reich's orgone boxes are beginning to show signs of wear), and anyone who would frame a Toulouse-Lautrec poster and hang it on her wall—! As for Carol's thrilling discovery that there are lesbians and fairies running around loose (which both girls shared in college): Jill merely turns her pretty head away in pity for someone so far behind the times that she doesn't know that *everyone* in the world is *bi-sexual*—so what's all the fuss about?

Jill feels there's nothing in America worth staying around for; that the place in which to be is Rome. She'll probably go there to live this year or next, if she can muzzle her pride long enough to ask her father for the money. Or maybe something else will happen to her: maybe she'll tire of her drab surroundings and her erratic, poorly-paid jobs, and move uptown, next door to Carol, where she'll find work as a publisher's reader or a copy writer, or free-lance like Carol by turning out machine-made short stories and pieces for the big magazines. So many of her friends—painters, dancers, musicians, writers, intellectuals—have already made the move that it has become a commonplace, as routine in the feminine Manhattan bohemian world as the radical-into-Republican switch is for college pinks when they go into business.

Taken together, Jill and Carol provide the two slightly-contrasting profiles of New York's new woman. What the Gibson Girl was to the turn-of-the-century, the flapper to the twenties, the sallow, serious, hornrimmed intellectual girl to the thirties, Jill and Carol, bohemians, are to the fifties. They may be a minority when weighed against the thousands of young women who merely pound typewriters in offices or wheel baby carriages in Central Park, but their revolt influences every female in America under thirty, makes such costumes as dirndls and ballet slippers and jeans fashionable in spite of what Paris tells American women to wear, coaxes thousands of college girls into thinking, not that a man or a family or even an ordinary career is important, but that only a new way of life, like Carol's or Jill's, is worth having.

Is it? Carol and Jill can't answer, for they haven't taken time out to question it. Their attitude forbids consideration of such a state of mind as "happiness," that outmoded word which has had to give way in their vocabulary to "fulfillment." Yet their search for "fulfillment" has led them into an arid no man's land where love can't flourish and money all goes to the doctor-confessor. They once thought that the trap of their futures gave them a choice of two poisoned baits: the pose-deadened "dream girl" and the domesticity-dulled work horse. But their flight from one trap led them into another. By playing with the idea of giving up their womanhood and thus escaping its problems, they played right into an analyst's hands.

The story sometimes has a happy ending—one so corny that a few years ago Jill and Carol would have trembled at the thought. But at twenty-eight or thirty or thirty-five, they will probably be swept up by an anxiety that was hovering just beneath the surface of their lives all the time. They'll suddenly want, after all, to get married (just about anyone will do) and take a well-traveled road that less imaginative girls took in the beginning. With luck—and if they wait till they're thirty-five they'll need luck—they *will* marry, and have children, and disappear, bless them, into the very world of pots and pans and predictables which they took such pains to avoid—never really to solve the problems that their longing to be "themselves" once made so obsessively urgent.

NO PLACE LIKE SABA

(*continued from page* 15)

thoughtful ones send part of their earnings back to their wives and sweethearts. But women being women, they'd prefer to have the men around.

Large numbers of them get plenty bored with housekeeping chores, tending their vegetable gardens, and weaving Spanish embroidery. Long, long hours of loneliness, those lovely moonlight nights on Saba, and nature's urges all conspire to make the island beauties realize they're missing something vital. Accordingly, their tendency is to look forward to the arrival of each seagoing vessel with unabashed eagerness.

In a word, they're keenly and joyously on the lookout for willing, available, and "promising" men. I was soon to find out what "promising" meant, the hard—and embarrassing—way.

That night, Therese and I took in the dance at the social center; and whirled, like other couples, to the polkas and waltzes played by an improvised island orchestra. My seaman-buddy and his girl put in their appearance, but only for a short while. He came over, drew me aside, and whispered that he'd meet me next day—at an appointed place. He further confided that he, luckily, had scored with a lonely, hungry-for-love Dutch "widow." (By "widow," he meant that her husband was on Aruba —and wouldn't return to Saba for six months.)

After a short while, I persuaded Therese to accompany me on a moonlight stroll—out to a cliff commanding an excellent view of the choppy seas. She had revealed her interest in a boy friend on Curacao, but after so long—without seeing him—she had despaired of waiting for him. So, once we were off to ourselves, I hurried into a clinch with her. Then a rain of kisses. My first thought was: "To hell with the babes I know in Havana, Panama City, San Juan, and New Orleans. This is the life—right here on Saba. Plenty of ready dames—and so little competition for their favors."

What a rude awakening I was in for! When we came up for air, Therese lowered the boom on my romantic fancy by exclaiming: "You do care for me. I'd like to marry you—sure. Cheerio, then—we're engaged, my American." That was the precise manner in which she spoke.

Startled, I quickly disengaged myself from her. Protesting, I tried to make it clear she had misunderstood my intentions. It didn't help matters when I remarked that I was merely enjoying a good old, delightful American pastime—smooching—that being a mere prelude to something better. I was getting nowhere with her fast, when three spooning pairs approached us.

Therese hailed them joyously, bade them to come over and join us. Then she shoved me out on a limb, and sawed it off, by informing them of our "engagement." An exasperated look on my face, I heard myself being congratulated; and, even more disturbing, I felt my girl friend's arm tighten around my waist.

But I kept on protesting that she had taken me wrong, and I insisted upon "explaining" the true situation to her parents. We walked over to their house, with the other pairs close on our heels. It didn't hearten me a whit when

(*turn over*)

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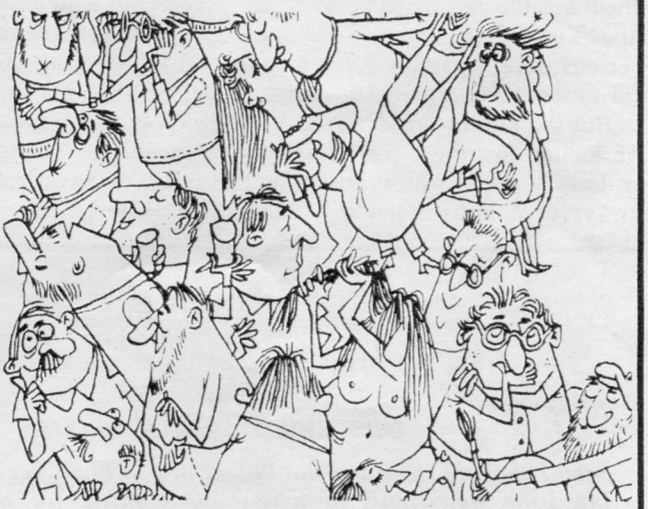

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I saw the stern look on her father's face. He listened to my recital—of how we Americans kiss for fun, entertainment, and enjoyment—with a scowl.

Then he let me have it with both barrels—a dressing down to remember a lifetime! In substance, he lectured that I should be more respectful of the sensibilities and customs of the people playing host to me—a visitor. But, happily, he let me off the hook. My "engagement"—which had blossomed suddenly and bewilderingly on a moonlit cliff—was "off."

But, cheer up, fellow rovers. Saba's sights—both scenic and feminine—will entice and intrigue you. Thanks to both, you'll feel that you have escaped from the outside world. Just don't go for a moonlight stroll with a *serious-minded* girl, then succumb to the lure of her tempting lips. For if you do, you'll need to be a fast and convincing talker, and lucky to boot, to squirm your way out of a wedding—with Saban trimmings!

Now, for the fillip—or spicier side to lovemaking on the isle of Saba. There are two sharply-divided codes of behavior on that hideaway. On the one side, you have the lonesome, "I-want-a-husband" single girls. Most of them are the *serious* type to which I referred a moment ago. You engage in some passionate smooching with the serious ones, and they'll try to guide, steer, or drag you off to the nearest preacher—fast.

But the others—man alive! What sexpots and bundles of loving joy they are. Naturally, I mean the "Dutch widows"—those whose husbands are away, or have been away for months. They're scorned and deplored by the "nice" single girls, to be sure. But does that dampen the ardor of the "widows," or serve to fence them in? Definitely not!

My seaman-buddy had the good fortune to crash that love-making circle on his first bid. His "widow" friend steered him to a quiet place—the home of two of her married friends. Their mates were also absent, and their eagerness to engage in some offbeat and uninhibited loving was as keen as that of their "widow" friend.

Three of their neighbors—themselves also "widows"—wanted to get in on the act! My buddy was swamped with attention and affection. To tell the truth, he just couldn't handle it all! In spite of his being a rugged and virile specimen . . .

You can appreciate, then, how he and his "widows" reacted to the news (and it spread rapidly) of my "short engagement." They howled uproariously over it—over my discomfiture. I had wasted a lot of good time, they agreed. I had been missing something stimulating and wonderful, they further reminded me.

But, from that moment on, the breaks my buddy had been enjoying also came my way. No more dry runs, foul balls, or strikeouts for me. I pitched in, along with my sidekick, and did my best to cheer up and make the love-starved "Dutch widows" happy. They not only expressed regret over our departure four days later, but invited us to come up and see them against sometime—before their absent mates returned home!

Yep—there's no place like Saba!

Gentlemen—

THIS GIRL HAS A PROBLEM.

Seems that all the guys she knows are so busy, racing from newsstand to newsstand looking for a copy of THE GENT, that they never have time to drop in any more.

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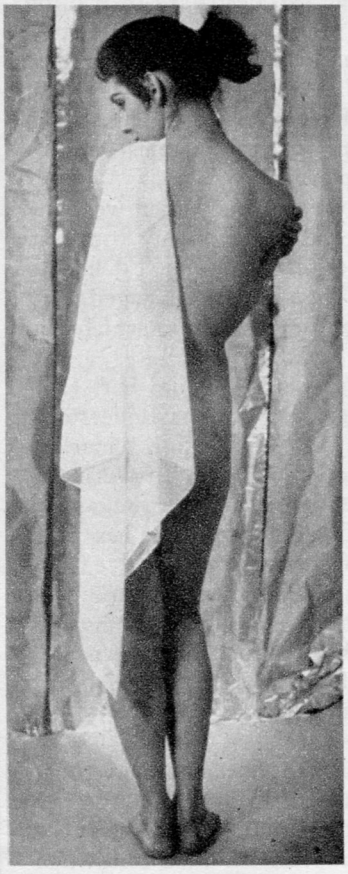

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she's gay . . .
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life in a turkey harem

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